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NEW MASSES

ECEMBER 28, 1937 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Why Not Recovery'

The First of Two Articles on the Recession

BY LOWELL E. WILLIS

Politics Catches Up with the Writer

BY CEDRIC BELFRAGE

Frame-Up in Los Angeles

BY ALFRED O'MALLEY

Hitler and German Capitalism *by* Paul A. Kaufmann

The Police Go to School *by* Oscar Wagner

...r. Dewey Stakes His Reputation *by* Stanley Randolp...

The Artists' Congress in Caricatures *by* Soriano

Aldous Huxley's "Ends and Means" *reviewed by* V. J. M...

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

HE first issue of our monthly literary supplement was planned for sixteen pages and turned out to be twenty-four. At this writing it doesn't look as if we'll be able to hold the second supplement to less than thirty-two pages.

We can't give the full table of contents. It will appear next week, and the supplement will be in the following issue, which will be on sale on January 6. There will be more fiction, more verse, and more critical articles than in the first supplement. Among the writers represented will be Thomas Wolfe, author of *Look Homeward Angel* and *Of Time and the River;* Dorothy Brewster, and Federico Garcia Lorca, the Spanish poet assassinated by the fascists. Lorca's "Gypsy Ballads" (translated by Langston Hughes) will be prefaced by an introductory essay by Rafael Alberti.

No sooner had we announced our January 12 theater party for *Pins and Needles* than reservations began pouring in. As we go to press, there are only a few seats left.

And now's the time to take out your little date-book and reserve Sunday evening, February 6. The NEW MASSES is happy to sponsor a unique evening of music. We haven't yet found a name for it, but we have found the composers. They are the men who are blazing a new trail in music—Marc Blitzstein, Paul Bowles, Count Bassie and his famous swing band, Carlos Chavez, Elliott Carter, Jr., Aaron Copland, Alex North, Wallingford Riegger, and Earl Robinson—all will be there to demonstrate the application of music to the radio, the stage, and the dance. This promises to be the major event of the music season.

So numerous were the requests for our special offer on the Moscow Art Folio that we have been completely sold out. Unfortunately, no future orders can be filled. The business department informs us, however, that it is planning to offer a new series of art reproductions in the very near future.

Bruce Minton, who has recently returned from Spain, will be the guest of honor at a Christmas Eve party tendered by the Friends of the NEW MASSES. Dancing, refreshments, and a good time are promised. NEW MASSES readers and their friends are invited. The time—Friday evening, December 24; the place—Concert League Auditorium, 846 Seventh Avenue, between 54th and 55th Streets, New York.

What's What

READERS of Don Herman's article in the December 14 issue, which hilariously showed up the ignorance of the Constitution displayed by the executive secretary of the Constitutional Educational League, will be interested in knowing that the Research Association has quite a file on *this outfit.* The League is a vicious Red-baiting pamphleteer. *Join the C.I.O. and Help Build America.* Early editions of the pamphlet offered a thousand-dollar reward to anyone who "can prove that a single charge made in this booklet is untrue." Labor Research Association found at least twenty errors and gross misstatements of fact, and applied for the reward but, needless to say, never received it. The League has since issued another pamphlet called *Communism's Grip on the C.I.O.,* which it has been distributing widely throughout the country. The Labor Research Association has now prepared a mimeographed memorandum of the League, giving particular instances of its strike-breaking activities. This memo can be obtained for 25 cents from the Association, 80 East 11th Street, New York City.

From a sanatorium in Rochester, N. Y., Edna Manley, a former *Herald Tribune* feature writer, writes that she read with great joy Mike Gold's article about a bill to provide for a permanent bureau of fine arts. Miss Manley is "chained to a bed," however, and wants to know what she can do from there. Others, who want to know what concrete action they can take, should write their congressmen urging support of the bill, H. R. 8239.

The townsfolk of Barberton, O., are carrying on a campaign for less expensive public-school textbooks. They are urging the use of less durable covers to reduce the present exorbitant prices. Readers who have had some experience with such a campaign or have any further suggestions are asked to write to Henry Stoner, RFD 1, Box 457, Barberton, Ohio.

The Society for the Psychological Study of Social Issues, which is affiliated with the American Psychological Association, announces that it is preparing a yearbook to be called *The Psychology of Industrial Conflict.* The committee responsible for this publication is interested in securing fresh, concrete field data or documents bearing on this problem from workers, employers, public officials, and social scientists working in specialized fields. A tentative outline is available, and qualified persons who wish to coöperate in this enterprise either by submitting hitherto unused materials or by contributing to the writing of parts of the text should communicate with any of the following: Theodore Newcomb, Bennington College, Bennington, Vt.; Keith Sward, People's Press, New Kensington, Pa.; or George W. Hartmann, chairman, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City.

Eitaro Ishigaki's painting, reproduced on page 7 of this issue, is one of the 138 works that comprise the American Artists' Congress's "Exhibition in Defense of World Democracy," at 550 Fifth Avenue, in New York City. The exhibition closes December 30.

The *Old Laborer* by Raphael Soyer on page 22 is one of the eight power-press lithographs by Soyer, Arnold Blanche, William Gropper, Lynd Ward, Harry Sternberg, Don Freeman, Kuniyoshi, and George Picken on sale at the American Artists' Congress exhibition. The prints sell for $1 each and the proceeds of the sale go to aid Spain.

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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Who's Who

LOWELL E. WILLIS is a professor of economics at an eastern university. . . . Cedric Belfrage's novel, *Away from It All,* was a Literary Guild selection last spring. A forthcoming book, *Promised Land,* which deals with Hollywood, will be published in London by Gollancz and is the January choice of the Left Book Club. . . . Stanley Randolph studied under Professor John Dewey at Columbia University. At present he is secretary of the New York district of the Friends of the Soviet Union. . . . Oscar Wagner is a young civil service employee in New York. . . . Paul A. Kaufmann has been a close student of German economic affairs for many years. . . . V. J. McGill, a professor at Hunter College, is one of the editors of *Science and Society.*

Flashbacks

"THE laws and institutions of our organization must be so changed as to permit of the freest and fullest expression of the truly progressive spirit of our membership and enable it to march unfettered abreast of the modern labor movement," read the call which summoned anti-bureaucratic members of the United Garment Workers to form a new industrial union. The rank and filers met on Christmas Day, 1914 resolving, "The organization shall be known as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America." . . . Other clothing workers on December 26, 1869, began another great industrial union movement. On that day the Philadelphia tailor, Uriah Stephens with some of his fellow garment cutters, secretly organized the first assembly of the Knights of Labor. . . . And in 1843 the Christmas issue of *Punch* was tripled as a result of including an anonymous poem about an underpaid, overworked needle trade worker. It was Thomas Hood's *Song of the Shirt.*

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Barnes

NEW MASSES

DECEMBER 28, 1937

Ad Reinhardt

MAY 22 1939

Why Not Recovery?

By Lowell E. Willis

FOR some months now, business conditions in the United States have been going from bad to worse. There have been an abundance of threats from Wall Street and promises from Washington but there is as yet no visible turning of the tide. Big business thinks that its immediate political ends may best be served by taking advantage of the recession, while the New Deal has not yet indicated any real awareness of the actual economic forces at work, or the most suitable line of attack on the basic problems.

The spokesmen of big business have themselves testified that they have gone on strike to force the hand of the President and Congress against certain key New Deal measures, such as the National Labor Relations Act, and to smash the industrial union movement, if not the entire labor movement. But the fact remains that there had to be an underlying shift away from the 1935-37 recovery before big business could take advantage of anything.

In order to deal with the recession, it is first necessary to find out what the recovery was like. By 1936, American economic life had traveled quite a distance toward recovery. A glance at the business index of the New York *Times* (which is almost entirely based on production), and you would have thought that happy days were indeed here again. By August of this year, the index stood more than 10 percent above the "estimated normal." Industrial production was one-sixth greater in 1[illegible] than in 1935; the index even registere[illegible] as compared with 1923-25.

To be sure, American in[illegible] lagged behind the average [illegible]. The latter (physical volume, not money value) had reached 148 at the beginning of 1937, whereas it had only gone up to 121 in the United States. And it is a significant commentary on the status of American capitalism that it should be considered a victory for industrial production to pass the level of 1923-25. Industrial production in the Soviet Union has trebled since 1925.

More or less, this general outline describes the economic set-up. But there is much to learn by digging into particulars.

Profits. These were beginning to reach really "interesting" levels again. For 1936, dividends plus interest totaled $8,892,000,000; entrepreneurial withdrawals, meaning profits taken out by individual businesses, not corporations, scaled to $9,783,000,000. Each of these figures was practically a billion dollars more than in any year since 1931. Furthermore, all of these billions represent money actually "earned," not payments out of surplus.

Big corporations did best of all. The sixteen hundred "leading manufacturing and trading corporations" covered by the National City Bank's tables, showed an increase in net profits (after deduction of taxes) of 52.3 per cent as compared with 1935. The 1935 profits were in turn 49.7 percent above those for 1934. For two successive years, then, big business made profits half again as large as in the preceding year.

This trend continued into the first three quarters of 1937. The National City Bank's sample (only 265 corporations this time) showed a profit increase of [illegible] percent for the first nine months of 1937 compared with the same period last year. Even in the third quarter of 1937, during which period the present recession started, profits exceeded those in the same period in 1936 by 18.1 percent.

Farm Income and Wages. Farmers and wage-earners were not, it is true, doing so remarkably well. Real wages, however, also increased in 1936. Salaries in the manufacturing, mining, construction, utilities, railroads, and various service industries were 12 percent higher in 1936 than in 1935. Compared with this, the cost-of-living index rose only 3 percent. Farm cash income in 1936 increased 11 percent over 1935, and net farm income also increased more than living costs.

Coming into 1937, the trend of real wages, owing to successful strikes, led largely by the C.I.O., continued upward. The year started as a banner one for the farmers. All this continued at least until August when the recession became visible.

It should be noted that the rise in wages was nowhere in proportion to the vast increase in profits. Big business did reap a huge harvest, but very little of it trickled down to the people.

Credit. Another favorable factor through 1936 was the abundance of cheap credit. The excess reserves of the member banks of the Federal Reserve System became so large that the governors of the system feared they would be unable to control a boom movement once it got started. Therefore, between July 1936 and May 1937, they doubled the reserve requirements of member banks and "sterilized"

Central - Adult

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a total of $1,270,000,000 of gold to keep it from forming part of the credit base of banks. By May 1937, the excess reserves of banks in New York and Chicago had practically disappeared, but nothing like a credit shortage existed in any real sense. Even until the end of November, the government had desterilized only $300,000,000 of its huge hoard. The rediscount rate has been kept deliberately low to facilitate more government borrowing and to maintain the value of outstanding government bonds; ours is today among the lowest central bank rates in the world.

Credit, then, has remained plentiful and cheap.

National Income. The national income produced in 1936 was, for the first time, comparable to pre-depression levels. The figures are:

1929	$80,757,000,000
1930	67,969,000,000
1936	63,799,000,000
1937 (estimated)	69,000,000,000

When it is recalled that the wholesale price level was 15 percent lower in 1936 than in 1929 at the same time that the national income produced was only 21 percent lower, there was some basis for thinking that "recovery" had made real progress.

But this recovery was proceeding unevenly. *Retail sales* in the country as a whole in 1936 were 77 percent of 1929. This meant that compared to 1929, the market had considerably contracted, even at prevailing prices.

Moreover, per-capita consumption was not nearly as large in 1936 as in 1929, though the population had meanwhile increased by nearly seven million. This tendency was especially noticeable in the "sales resistance" to durable consumers' goods. Sales of furniture and household goods, for example, had fallen off no less than 41 percent from the 1929 figure. Automobiles probably could not have been sold in volume at all but for the development of installment buying. The total volume of installment credit outstanding at any one time in 1936 was estimated at three billion dollars, as compared with but two billion dollars in 1929. Installment selling has contracted in lean years and flourished in good years, thus introducing a huge, elastic factor into consumption. The following table shows how this has proceeded (from the *Index* of the New York Trust Co., April 1937, page 79):

Year	*Installment Sales (in billions of dollars)*
1910	1
1925	5
1929	6-7
1932	2.5
1936	9

That there was a great pick-up in national income through 1935-36 cannot be doubted, but this gain was extremely spotty, and some of our most important industries did not do so well while others needed artificial stimulants to forge ahead.

Foreign Trade and Investment. A lot of people have been soothing themselves with the thought that we have always come out of previous depressions and gone to new high levels of prosperity. They forget that the long-time factors of expansion that operated during the nineteenth century and the early twentieth century have now ceased to operate. First, there was the frontier which, until about 1890, furnished a fine outlet for "surplus" capital and labor, and offered continually new opportunities for profit. Then there was the growing foreign market; during and after the war, there were tremendous investment opportunities for those who were not too interested in ever getting their money back. Foreign loans, from 1915 to 1928, were taking perhaps a billion American dollars a year. During those years, the outward movement of capital stimulated a large export trade.

But American foreign investment has now stopped completely. Since the tariff is now even higher than it was in 1923-29, despite moderate reductions under the policy of reciprocal trade agreements, it has been impossible for American export trade to revive. The dollar value of exports in 1936 was only 47 percent of the 1929 level and only 54 percent of the average for 1923-25. But meanwhile, the gold content of the dollar had been cut to but 59 percent of the former figure, so that the actual gold value of the export trade had dropped to much less than half of the pre-depression level.

The export of capital in the period from 1915 to 1928 was at least "productive" in the sense that a large part of it was used for the purchase of useful equipment, which eventually would result in consumers' goods. Since 1930, this money has gone to pay for armaments more than anything else. The Foreign Policy Association recently estimated that the "defense" expenditures of sixty countries *more than doubled* between 1934 and 1936. The increase in armaments ranged from $5,064,000,000 to $10,730,000,000 (1936 gold parity).

Pump-Priming and Recovery. Another little difficulty about recovery has been the irregular application and sudden curtailment of the "pump-priming" policy. Actually half of the water that came out of the recovery pump in the last three years had been piped in from the government treasury. The *United States News,* painting with rather broad strokes, recently calculated that the federal government contributed as follows to the national stream of purchasing power:

1934	$3,250,000,000
1935	3,000,000,000
1936	4,000,000,000

Then, in 1937, the flow narrowed to a mere $100,000,000 a month and in November it fell to but $50,000,000.

This sudden falling off of government spending is certainly one of the most significant factors behind the economic recession. The increased contributions of private industry plainly have not filled the void created by government retrenchment. Indeed, a good many members of Congress have retreated from their original demand that the budget

To My Son, Christmas, 1937

The apartment-houses rolled like elephants, the cornerstones wrinkled
And there was life yet in this concrete as much as in leather
To snuffle at the first stench of gas, to sob like a street
Before the blow-torch ravels up the sewer

And there was stucco enough in these frames
To fly like feathers and to stifle the trams
And the rails and the telephone wires tangled together
Like a concession at the beach

And finally it was all quiet
Looking like something modeled in lard
As if the moon had caused a tide
In the boulevard and the winter froze it

And this I dreamed you should inherit—
Not a retentive order, peace on earth—
So I haven't been able to write a poem for you
With the real Christmas spirit

For all along the sidewalks were hands like yours
Half-grown and soft, severed at the knuckles or the wrists
And all along the walls with eyes like mad zeros
Rooted the tapirs and the wild boars.

DOROTHY VAN GHENT.

★ ★ ★

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be balanced by slashing without mercy the government relief and recovery program. The budget may be unbalanced now, but it will certainly not be balanced during a depression. Meanwhile, the reduction in government spending does not help matters.

Unemployment. In every previous recovery, unemployment has diminished almost to the vanishing point, while at the same time new capital issues have stimulated the capital goods (heavy) industries. In both these respects, the recovery of 1935-37 has been no genuine recovery at all. As was recently pointed out by Charles R. Gay, president of the New York Stock Exchange, the annual new capital of corporations secured through new issues had fallen in the depression as low as $160,000,000 per year and has not since exceeded $1,200,000,000 in any one year. Factories have replaced old machinery to some extent, but very few new factories or additions to old factories have been built. This is not surprising when it is remembered that even a year ago, when recovery was supposed to be in full swing, business was still operating at only 75 percent of capacity.

With per-capita consumption lower than in 1929 and the capital-goods industries in a state of uncertain revival, employment obviously could not revive to former levels—especially since the productivity of labor rose by 10 percent between 1929 and 1935 (and still continues to rise). The army of the unemployed is actually not much smaller now than it was at the depth of the depression in 1933. The American Federation of Labor still figured the totally unemployed at close to 9,000,000 in October 1936. The Labor Research Association, which had arrived at a peak figure (confirmed independently by *Business Week*) of more than 17,000,000 unemployed at the beginning of 1933, reëxamined the figures again at the beginning of 1937 and concluded that in the months just preceding, the number of unemployed had been 14,751,000, of whom only 3,794,000 were engaged on P.W.A., W.P.A., and C.C.C. taken together. (The figure today is certainly no smaller than it was a year ago.)

This means a total of more than one unemployed for every four workers in the United States, or still a crisis level.

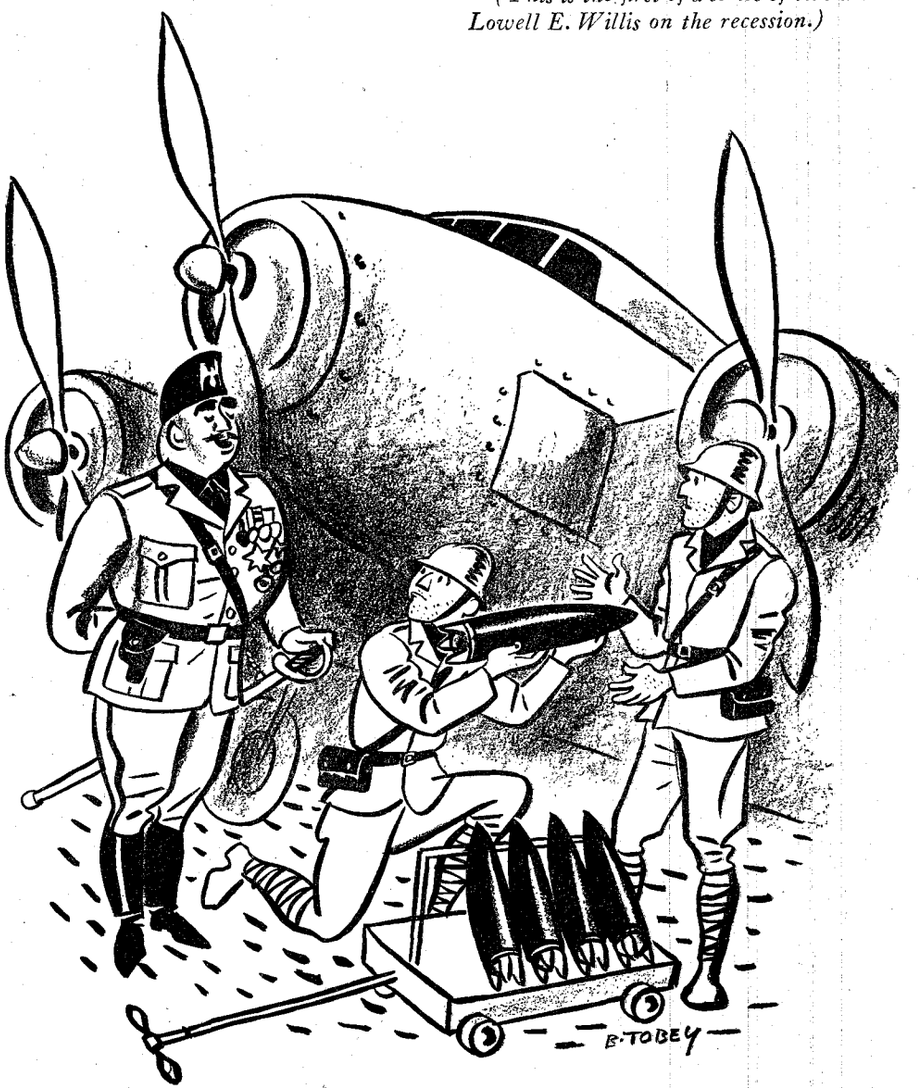
The farm crisis continues. The movement from the farms to the cities, which was reversed for a short time at the bottom point of the 1929-35 crisis, has now been resumed, and it seems likely to continue, not because there are jobs for people in the cities, but simply because the farmers cannot stay on the farms. The bumper crops of the present year were produced with a smaller working force than in previous years. In the southeastern states, cotton is no longer a paying crop. It cannot compete on the world market, and the tenants in that region are being supported in large part by government loans. Individual owners are still losing their farms, and this not only in the South; it has recently been estimated that the number of tenants is increasing at the rate of 40,000 a year. Tenants are being reduced to the status of day laborers, more especially in the cotton area bordering on the Mississippi River, and tens of thousands of farmers have had to leave the Dust Bowl for good, with their farms reverting back to wilderness or, at the very best, to grazing country.

Neither the Farm Tenancy Act passed at the last session of Congress, nor privately financed experiments, such as the Delta Coöperative Farm, will suffice to turn the flow in the opposite direction. The time has come for a large-scale attack on the problem of farm tenancy, such as that provided in the Boileau Farm Tenancy Bill, which is sponsored by the National Farm Holiday Association, the Farmers' Union of Louisiana, and leaders of the Farmers' Union in many states. Pending the passage of such a bill, we may expect to see the trickle of farmers to the cities swell into a fair-sized stream, thereby adding to the unemployment problem in the cities. If the mechanical cotton picker should be perfected and introduced commercially, a major crisis would undoubtedly develop in the "old" cotton area of the Southeast.

A different kind of recovery. The 1935-37 recovery differed from previous recoveries both in thoroughness and breadth. It was especially strong in profits for big business and weak in wages for the workers and the people generally. At the same time, foreign trade, commodity prices, wage incomes, and farm income did go up, and the possibilities of further rise are not excluded. The recovery was so spotty, however, that the conditions for another crisis matured much more rapidly than was generally expected. It is of the nature of capitalism that depression follows prosperity when the conditions have matured; it is of the nature of monopoly capitalism in its period of decline that the depressions are closer together and continue for longer periods than during the stormy upswing of a still flourishing capitalism.

Herein is the basic economic setting for the campaign of sabotage waged by big business against the New Deal program and the labor movement. Even the conservative Sir Josiah Stamp, from the other side of the water, recently chided American capital for exaggerating the present downward movement of business. The problem now before the country is to fight the recession on the basis of a clear understanding of the forces at work.

(This is the first of a series of two articles by Lowell E. Willis on the recession.)



Barney Tobey and R. McCallister

"Just half a load today, men. It's Christmas."

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Politics Catches Up with the Writer

By Cedric Belfrage

*[The following speech was delivered by Mr. Belfrage at a recent Hollywood symposium on the subject, "Should Writers Mix in Politics?"—*EDS.*]*

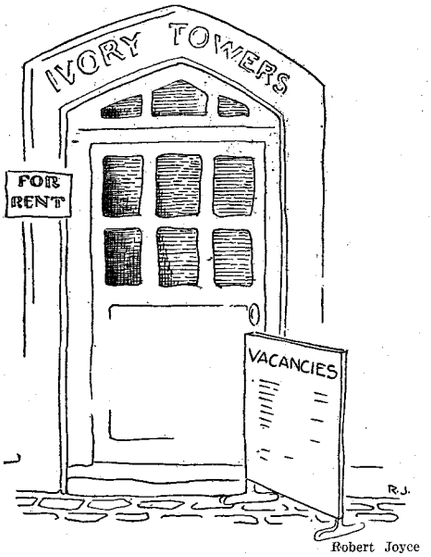
"I AM of those whose indignation against injustice and misery is great enough to make them an infernal nuisance to everybody in their immediate neighborhood. My anger that so few people can enjoy the view from my study and the cool scents from my garden is such that it very nearly destroys my own appreciation of them. Very nearly, but not—thank God—quite. Possibly in time I shall become wise enough—or callous enough—to cease to care.

"After all, what have I got to do with world affairs? How grand it would be if I could learn to mind my own business—to work just hard enough to give my wife and boys a few luxuries with their necessities and myself an occasional glass of beer. . . .

"Yet I know that my peace of mind is a sham, that my old brick and timber house, much as I love it, will never be a sanctuary from the prison of the outside world. . . .

"And I know that I admire British conservatives for their patriarchal and often entirely disinterested social service. That I admire British supporters of the Labor Party for their sturdy common sense and good humor. That I admire British liberals for their belief in principles. And I know that I belong to none of those parties. Had it not been for the Moscow trials I might have become a Communist. Were it not for the trade-union influence I might join the Labor Party. Were it not for their strange blending of bloodlessness and sentimentality I might belong to the liberals. Had the tories not been so selfish and short-sighted about Spain I might have become one of them. But I see nothing to choose between the conservative and the communist types of class warfare, and I care for neither."

I'm glad that recitative is over because if it had gone on much longer I would probably have been thrown out of here and I would have deserved it. You could not see the quotes on the paper from which I am reading. The quotation is from the final, summing-up section of one of the three thousand confessional, self-searching autobiographies published in English last month. The author is a man whose "occasional glass of beer" has quite often been consumed in my company, in the Café Royal and in Fleet Street pubs in London. His name is Vernon Bartlett and he is a charming fellow to drink beer with. The conclusions which I have just read were formed by him as a result of forty-three years on our planet. Forty-three most unusual and crowded years—for he is a political and diplomatic correspondent of one of the principal London dailies; he has met and talked with practically all the key men and women of our time, has twice sat in the awesome presence of Mussolini, and has been shouted at by Hitler in a private interview. He reached these final conclusions regarding his world-philosophy upon his return from war-torn Spain.



Robert Joyce

I have quoted from Bartlett's book because it will give me a chance to compare myself with him to what I hope is my own advantage, and because his line seems to me to typify that super-liberalism which is the latest and perhaps most dangerous form of literary escapology. It has become trite to rail against writers for sitting in ivory towers. Bombs have by now been dropped on most of the more select ivory towers, and those that still stand are covered by long-range guns awaiting the order to fire. Few of the old occupants are still in possession of enough cotton to keep out of their ears the din that is going on outside. It has become necessary for every writer with faculties half intact to take some sort of definite line about the present state of human society. Even poor, tortured Aldous Huxley, the great brain almost completely surrounded by earmuffs, has had to step out on a platform of neo-pacifism, thereby putting himself right in the line of fire of those hecklers who, during the World War, asked conscientious objectors what they would do if a German raped their sister.

The super-liberalism with which Bartlett consoles himself is liberalism taken to the point where it becomes a definite, positive creed—the belief that everybody is more wrong than right: not only tories and communists, but liberals too, with what he calls "their strange blending of bloodlessness and sentimentality." Liberalism is a fence for escapologists to sit on, but this super-liberalism, this determined resistance to the idea of anything being true at all, is a platform. A small and crowded platform, and not a very comfortable one. Poor Bartlett keeps wriggling restlessly on it. In Spain, for example, we find him "desperately sorry" for the aristocrat refugees and the common people, and at the same time torn by wondering "why the cruel and unjust treatment of individuals in the fascist countries affected my whole judgment of their systems of government."

I don't have to apologize for talking so much about an Englishman, because this super-liberalism is not a national disease. All of us here can look around and see plenty of similar cases in the vicinity of our own backyards. In my book *Away from It All* I quoted this statement by Sir Samuel Hoare, the celebrated English would-be carver-up of Ethiopia, with regard to British foreign policy: "It is a realistic outlook upon affairs, combined with an idealistic belief in human progress . . . a sound instinct upon the big issues. It is difficult to be more precise. For, like an English gentleman, you cannot define him but you know one when you see one." I made the observation there that an English gentleman could be defined as the perfect flowering of the escapologist—the man who does not even need eau-de-cologne to drown a bad smell under his nose, but can imagine it out of existence. I hope Americans don't take that hardly. There are plenty of fine gentlemen and super-liberals this side of the Atlantic.

Now in opening this forum about the connection between writers and politics, I am not going to bore you with the story of my life. I am only going to say that my roots were very similar to Vernon Bartlett's, and then to state at what conclusions I have arrived after the most exhaustive attempts to find an ivory tower and shut myself up in it. I started out as a gentleman, and heaven alone knows what I am now, but in any event I am not up there with Vernon on the super-liberal platform. I am not so childlike as to have blind faith in any dogma, any cure-all, but I do believe in the fundamental truth of certain things. I have had a hundred times as much evidence as I needed to know what fascism is, and why, with absolutely any weapons that may be necessary and at the risk of everything up to life itself, I must fight against it. Fascism is not an abstract idea, a word bandied about by phrasemongers. It is a reality in several countries, a murderous threat in all others. There may be room for argument about certain features of fascism, but certain things we do know definitely about it from empirical observation. It is the burner of books, the imprisoner of free minds, the throttler of culture, the regimenter of ideas.

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If a fascist society has produced any first or even second-rate work of art, if fascism can boast one single book, play, movie, or even newspaper that can be admired by international standards, I haven't heard of it. If then, a writer believes that the purpose of literature is to enrich the cultural tradition and by spreading ideas to widen mental horizons—and I don't mean political propagandist ideas, but every kind of idea that freely functioning minds may want to express—then fascism must by definition be his enemy. That is reducing the situation to its simplest terms.

And surely events in fascist countries have demonstrated clearly enough that the writer, the artist, the man of science does not in the last analysis have the choice between opposing fascism and not opposing it. Rather the choice is between life and death. One can, of course, choose the path of the necrophile and woo death like a lover, as a few writers are actually doing. But to this the great majority of us are not attracted. We have to choose life—and when we have chosen, we are borne forward, powerless to resist, on the tide of the implications of our choice. We find that fascism is not something that can be argued or reasoned with. Its basic weapons are deliberate demagogy and lies, and if those who care for culture and human progress do not fight back courageously and self-sacrificingly at that stage, they will soon find themselves with their backs to a wall, fighting with steel and guns. History has certainly shown that. And the tide of his choice of life will carry the writer still further, if he lets himself be carried by it. "He will see, for instance," as Professor Harold Laski says, "that the expulsion from Germany of its outstanding men of letters is only the ultimate frustration in a series of frustrations imposed by inadequate values arising from inadequate institutions; and he will find that the inadequacy of those institutions always is related, directly or indirectly, to the property-system and its results. . . . It is an insistence that inconvenient experience may be denied by those who hold the keys of power. But there comes a point where the denial of experience becomes the decision to destroy civilization."

Hollywood is perhaps the biggest nest of writers in the world today. It has a militant anti-fascist movement growing with commendable speed and enthusiasm. It also has a body of writers who, clinging to their ivory towers in Beverly Hills or to the super-liberal platform, declare themselves to be outside the battle. That is, of course, an illusion, because no one is outside it. Fascism is a creeping disease and by inactivity and super-liberalism one fights just as effectively for fascism as by militant action one can fight against it. Many of these self-deluding writers are people who wield a typewriter simply and solely to make money, for in Hollywood there is, of course, a carefully nurtured school of thought that regards any talk of "culture" or "art" or "ideas" as the raving of pompous hypocrites. I am a hack myself, and I would voluntarily enter a Nazi nunnery before I would seek to fill up these my brothers with lofty cultural thoughts. But I think that the parlous condition under fascism of Germany's once-flourishing film, newspaper, and magazine industries should be called to their attention. Whether they like it or not, even movies and slick magazines are vehicles for some sort of ideas, and a glance at the present state of fascist film industries, at the rapid decline in circulation of fascist papers, magazines, and books shows that fascism promises slim pickings for people involved in producing those things. Obviously a system that makes all ideas illegal is bound to have this result; instead of going to the

Flight

Painting by Eitaro Ishigaki (American Artists' Congress)

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movies, the public will prefer to go fishing, for even if a trout were to orate about the racial impurity of its neighbor the salmon, one could talk back to it with little fear that it would turn out to be a Gestapo agent.

Then we have the *It Can't Happen Here* school of escapologists, also very numerous in our writers' community. I think it was Ralph Bates who told the story, last time he was in Hollywood, of the people on one fringe of Madrid who, with the fascists within a mile of their city, were still intoning "It can't happen here," because it was the other side of the city that Franco was within a mile of. There are people who, placed in the classic predicament of the pacifist whose sister is being raped, will still keep smiling by hurriedly figuring out that after all the sister was probably illegitimate. To such people I would like to present this thought: that the very existence of a large school of escapologists in a community is evidence enough of the reality of the fascist menace in that community. Bore into the timbers of a community where such slogans as "art for art's sake" are freely bandied about, and you will find the fascist termite at work.

It takes most of us hacks years to bring ourselves to face squarely up to these realities about our times. We are natural egotists, we regard the destiny of our souls and minds as tremendously important, and we endure agonies of a rather theatrical sort in the course of the struggle to decide. No Angelus Temple convert goes through such rolling of eyes and gnashing of teeth in accepting Aimee's God as does your writer in accepting the necessity of organized, disciplined struggle to preserve anything of the artistic liberty he treasures. He thumps himself on the chest to keep up his rugged individualist's courage, and cries, "I am an artist, I am above these vulgar brawls"—but the words ring hollow. He works through the catalogue of alibis one by one. They all leave him uneasy. He rails against fate for having put him on earth at a time when a writer has such responsibilities, has to make such decisions. What worries him most is the thought that he is losing his sense of humor.

Well, maybe a temporary loss in that quarter is necessary. But there is this consolation. Fascism is death to a lot of things but to humor more than to anything else. One cannot speak of what might happen if Hitler and Mussolini had a sense of humor, because they and it are a basic contradiction in terms. And on the other hand, it is of great significance that nearly all the leading humorists in still-democratic countries are to be found somewhere near the front of the militant anti-fascist struggle. A humorist is a person who sticks pins into human balloons to see if they burst, who uses a scalpel on flowery rhetoric and on motivations. It is a fact that high-class humorous magazines today, the ones that are supported by big reactionary advertisers, hardly know where to look for contributors of the right kind—for the simple reason that the humorists, both pictorial and literary, are moving to the left almost in a solid body.

One might explain that by saying that a good humorist has to know not only where humor begins but where it ends. And just as humor ends on the borders of Nazi Germany and fascist Italy, it ends too at Madrid and Shanghai. Dorothy Parker is the latest to testify, on returning from Spain, that there is nothing funny about the struggle of the plain Spanish people against those who would dictate to them how they should live, by whom they should be governed and judged. But if there is nothing funny about it, there is something heroic, something which, while it horrifies, also uplifts and elates those who love liberty. It fills a writer with a new sensation, the sensation of humility; and suddenly he may find himself accepting gladly this burden which seemed so forbidding, the burden of burying to that extent his individualism and artistic snobbery and enlisting in the people's army of liberty, side by side with factory workers and peasants.

And if he is willing to accept this role, he is apt to find that the weight of the new burden is a minus quantity. The old burden has indeed been lightened, and he can actually function better as a writer because he now has a positive, hopeful world-view instead of a negative and hopeless one. If he is lucky enough to live in a country that is still democratic and at peace, he is no longer now morbidly sitting in his sanctum, biting his fingernails and wondering whether he has to wait six months or five years for fascism to obliterate him as an artist, or for war to obliterate him as a person. He cannot be disheartened by the official reactionary view—I quote from a New York *Herald Tribune* editorial of last month—that "certainly the great war is inevitable, of course, but not now." He faces the situation realistically, and he knows that death and taxes may be inevitable but war and fascism are not. He knows that the road is a hard one, that it may involve great sacrifices, but he has a solid belief in the ability of mankind to overcome reaction and to progress. There is no heroic posturing in that position. It is not an act of faith. It is merely the belief that reason, though it must be fought for, will finally triumph. And from the purely selfish point of view, that belief is the most valuable possession the average hack can have.

Jack Kabat

Another Job for the Trotsky Defense Committee

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Mr. Dewey Stakes His Reputation

By Stanley Randolph

WHEN the meeting of the Trotsky Defense Committee was formally opened in New York on December 12 under the obviously impartial chairmanship of George Novack, member of the Trotskyist center in the United States, three main points were stressed: (1) that the committee existed only for the purpose of finding facts, and anyone who had come to hear anything else had better leave the hall at once; (2) that the commissioners themselves were impartial, and if anything, sinned in the direction of prejudice against Trotsky and Trotskyism; and (3) that the committee was motivated only by the search for truth and justice, and absolutely abjured any interest in political questions.

The first to speak was Suzanne LaFollette, secretary of the committee. It did not fall to Miss LaFollette's lot to reveal any of the facts unearthed by the committee's nine months of investigation. She confined herself to relating the exact number of documents, letters, telegrams, and verbal depositions in the possession of the committee. Hers was also to establish the impartiality of the witnesses testifying. Miss LaFollette hotly denied that only Trotskyites were called to testify. The European branch of the committee had interviewed five people: Sedov (Trotsky's son) Victor Serge, refugee from Soviet justice; and "three who knew Sedov in Germany." The eleven witnesses examined by the American group had an even clearer record: three of them were definitely not Trotskyites. Two of these three were merely "personal friends of Trotsky, having no political views." The third, indeed, had been a Trotskyite but had "definitely broken" with Trotsky.

The character of the witnesses being thus established, the chairman introduced Benjamin Stolberg to attest the commissioners' impartiality. Wendelin Thomas had been a member of the Communist Party, which he quit in 1923, and therefore he could not be a Trotskyite; Suzanne LaFollette was a relative of the governor and senator from Wisconsin, and therefore she could not be a Trotskyite; John Chamberlain was an editor of *Fortune,* and therefore he could not be a Trotskyite, etc., etc. And as for himself, Stolberg, everybody knew he was not Trotskyite; and if there were still room for doubt, he took the opportunity of stating then and there, that in his opinion "all dictatorships are of, by, and for the dictators" and any regime which begins, as did the Soviet regime in 1917, by dealing forcefully with its enemies in the camp of reaction would inevitably wind up by killing off its own sons later. Thus was proved beyond a shadow of doubt the impartiality of the commission.

By way of conclusion, and just to prove the committee's complete unconcern with political matters, Mr. Stolberg declared that the Comintern is responsible for opening the road to fascism in Germany and China; that the Stalinists have killed off the best of the working-class leaders in Spain; and that they are trying to break up the United Automobile Workers in the United States.

Following an address in German by Wendelin Thomas, the floor was given to John Chamberlain, who contented himself with explaining that he had joined the committee out of "curiosity" and because some of his radical friends had begun to "look shamefaced" when the Zinoviev-Kamenev trial began.

By this time a worried look had come over many faces in the audience. Already four of the "commissioners" had spoken, and nary a "fact" bearing on the case of Leon Trotsky had put in an appearance. The committee must have anticipated some restiveness at this time, because they now introduced some comic relief in the person of the venerable Italian anarchist, Carlo Tresca.

Mr. Tresca exemplified his libertarian principles from the outset by refusing to walk over to the microphone, thus forcing Mr. Novack, the chairman, to move the instrument over to him. Having registered this initial victory over the forces of law and order, Mr. Tresca proceeded to relate that he had joined the committee hoping to find Trotsky guilty. Since he, Tresca, had been a life-long advocate of sabotage and assassination, he had hoped to find in Trotsky a new, if belated, convert. But he was disappointed. In fact, he was certain of Trotsky's innocence even before joining the committee. And although his principles did not permit him to judge other men, he decided, after much thought, to make an exception in this case, because the cause of truth was involved. He also wanted to take this occasion to explain why he had not as yet gone to Italy to assassinate Mussolini. Which reminded him of one time down in Philadelphia, during the war, etc., etc.

The revelations of fact were now interrupted to allow the chairman to take up a collection, for the double purpose of publishing the eighty-thousand-word report of the commission and to finance Miss LaFollette, who had run into considerable personal debt as a result of her work as secretary of the commission. The chairman called for two thousand dollars for the first of these purposes alone, but the collection netted only six hundred dollars, half cash.

Mr. Novak now brought into play the first piece of his heavy artillery, John Finerty, counsel for the committee.

Mr. Finerty admitted that his mind was all made up about Trotsky's innocence before he conducted the "inquiry" in Mexico, let alone inspected the rest of the "evidence" gathered by the committee since. Mr. Finerty's contribution to the enlightenment of the audience was to read with a great show of learning some passages from a book on Soviet civil and criminal procedure, and then to show that the procedure adopted by the court martial which tried the treason cases was different in some respects from that laid down for ordinary civil and criminal cases.

Everyone who really came with the object of hearing the report of a "fact-finding commission" had by this time (almost eleven o'clock) been entirely disabused. But the audience stayed wearily on, for the last act of the travesty, the last performer, John Dewey. The chairman made an effort to revive the waning spirits of the crowd with an elaborate sentimental introduction. Dewey was the Voltaire, the Zola of the present day. An attempt to get the audience to rise in honor of Professor Dewey failed.

Dewey did a reprise on the records of the individual members of the commission and their impartiality.

It was indeed a moment of tragedy for those who had some respect for Dewey's work in fields in which he is competent to hear him say: "I stake my reputation on the truth of the findings of this commission." Fortunately for Professor Dewey, men's reputations are not altogether theirs to gamble away.

Since time did not permit reviewing *all* the evidence gathered by the commission, Dewey would give only some examples. Here they are, taken from the official proceedings of the Moscow trials themselves. It seems that two of the witnesses disagreed by several months as to the date of the formation of the Zinoviev center. And it seems that "divergent" and "contradictory" reasons were given for the formation of the second center. One witness said that it was merely a reserve, pure and simple, in case the first center were exposed. Another witness said that it was also a reserve in another sense; in the sense that the Trotskyites did not trust the Zinoviev group and wanted a separate center of their own.

"I want to emphasize," said Dewey, "that this is crucial. The whole case centers around the formation and purpose of the two centers. With these centers, the whole case against Trotsky and the other accused collapses."

Yes, that is the sum total of the "findings" of the commission. Nine months of "work," thousands of dollars spent, flying trips to Mexico, France, and other countries, lawyers retained, books published and more to come, radio broadcasts, mass meetings, conferences, Miss LaFollette deep in debt—and for what? To "reveal" what any schoolboy could have found by buying the official proceedings for one dollar, plus a discovery that Soviet procedure in treason cases differs from Soviet procedure in regular statutory cases.

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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The Conflict in Japan

THE *Panay* incident has done much to crystallize sentiment in the United States against the indiscriminate frightfulness of the Japanese military in China. American firmness has certainly given China the added courage and confidence that comes with feeling that you are not alone. But the most far-reaching effects of the episode may yet be felt in Tokyo itself. The submerged conflict between the "extremists" and the "moderates" is coming to the surface on an issue that has long disturbed Japan: discipline within the army and subordination of the army to the civil government.

The most complete account of Japan's internal struggle over the *Panay* incident has thus far been given by Hallett Abend of the New York *Times*. According to Abend, the Japanese force which fired upon the *Panay* was commanded by Col. Kingoro Hashimoto, one of the leading spirits in the Tokyo military coup of February 26, 1936, when several cabinet members were murdered by a clique of "young officers." This Hashimoto is protected by extremely powerful friends in the high command; his arrest and punishment might very well create a breach in Japan's military front.

The insistence of President Roosevelt and the State Department that the Japanese give adequate guarantees against a repetition of the *Panay* incident has forced the Japanese militarists into a corner. That the Japanese military attaché in Shanghai found it necessary first to deny the machine-gunning of the *Panay* and then to retract that denial is not likely to increase the prestige of the Japanese army command either in Japan or in China. There is plenty of subdued opposition to the military extremists among influential Japanese industrialists, especially those engaged in light industry and commerce, and among the intellectuals. This conflict among the militarists will help their silent struggle.

It is sometimes argued that firmness by this country against Japan will turn the Japanese guns against us. This view utterly overlooks the deep conflicts within Japan and the critical state of Japan's finances in the war against China. International firmness against the aggressor is most likely to encourage the forces of peace and democracy within Japan and to put the military extremists on the defensive. The *Panay* incident points unmistakably in that direction.

Innocents Abroad

THE discovery that the "Robinsons" were touring Moscow on faked passports upset the apple cart in many a newspaper office last week. Running out of plausible slanders against the Soviet Union, the press revived the ancient gag about the innocent American kidnaped by the heathen Chinee. Senator Copeland called for the fleet to defend the national honor. Secretary Hull put himself out on an undiplomatic limb by quizzing the Soviet Embassy before consulting his own clerical staff. By the end of the week, every shade and stripe of the fascist rainbow was involved in the story: racketeer Marinelli of New York, Trotskyites Cannon and Shachtman, Nazi agent Healy. In the effort to cover up their own confusion, the newspapers trotted out every trapeze stunt in their sensational repertory. Meanwhile, in Moscow, the "Robinsons" are learning that it is more difficult to sabotage a socialist economy than it is to obtain false passports from a capitalist power for that purpose.

An Open Betrayal

WHO "killed" the wages and hours bill? In the *Congressional Record* the discredit goes to the coalition of 83 Republicans and 133 Democrats who voted to send it back to the House Labor Committee. Off the record the Liberty League, the National Association of Manufacturers, and all the tory forces that are bent on smashing the entire New Deal program were the ones who cast the votes. But all these forces of reaction together might not have succeeded in bringing about this reversal of the clearly expressed demand of the country if they had not found powerful allies in the top leadership of the American Federation of Labor. Green, Frey, and the other tories of the executive council of the A. F. of L. swung in at just the right moment with invaluable aid and comfort to the enemy.

The A. of L. leadership has rarely played so dramatically treacherous a role as in its opposition to the wages and hours bill. Nothing illustrates so vividly to the rank and file of organized labor the reasons for the division in the labor movement. In opposing the bill, Green said it wasn't good enough. Nobody has asserted that the bill was perfect, or indeed that it did not contain serious defects. But the need for a wages and hours bill is pressing, not only to relieve the misery of the underpaid and sweated workers to whom it would apply directly, but to cut unemployment by shortening hours. And as the *C. I. O. News* points out, "it was urgently important that at least the principle of federal regulation and some minimum regulation against sweatshop standards be enacted. Once this was done, amendments could be made later to improve inadequate legislation."

President Roosevelt has indicated that he has no intention of giving up the fight. A new bill will be pressed for in the regular session. Meanwhile labor will carefully file for future reference the list of those who blocked the bill, enemies open and secret, in Congress and out.

The Red Pants Menace

THINGS, we are extremely glad to report, have come to a pretty pass indeed. There is a rumor current throughout the advertising agency world that Macy's and Altman's are afraid of Santa Claus.

It seems that one of the publicity firms around town had a brilliant brainstorm last week and lured most of the Santa Clauses in New York over to a Brooklyn hotel for a big free feed, banquet, etc. The idea was to get the hostelry in question a little free newspaper space.

The several Mr. Clauses came in their white beards and red pants and were reported to have had no end of fun. But when Gimbel's veteran Santa (twenty years in the big time) called the roll, Altman's jolly old St. Nick and Macy's merry reindeer chauffeur were conspicuously absent.

And the story goes, dear readers, that when Macy's and Altman's were asked to ship their Santas over to Brooklyn, they gave a collective shudder and replied in this wise: "What, let our Santas meet Santas from other stores? Never! They'd probably organize a union."

Take off those whiskers, Santa Claus, and get rid of that bomb in your pack, we know you, Mr. John (old St. Nick) Lewis!

Second Artists' Congress

WHEN the first American Artists' Congress was held a little less than two years ago, it was easily accommodated in the comparatively small quarters of New York City's Town Hall. The second Congress, which met last week, required Carnegie Hall for its public session. This is

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but one of the indications of the increased general importance of the congress.

Another is the fact that messages from preëminent world contemporaries such as Picasso and Thomas Mann now support those militants who, at first few in number and much less well known, initially summoned the art world to the fight against war and fascism. Significant, too, is the greater interest of public officials. Mayor LaGuardia sent a telegram, though he didn't speak. Congressman Coffee, sponsor of the Fine Arts Bill in the House of Representatives, conveyed his greetings. The scope of the congress has thus become both national and international; it is a political force.

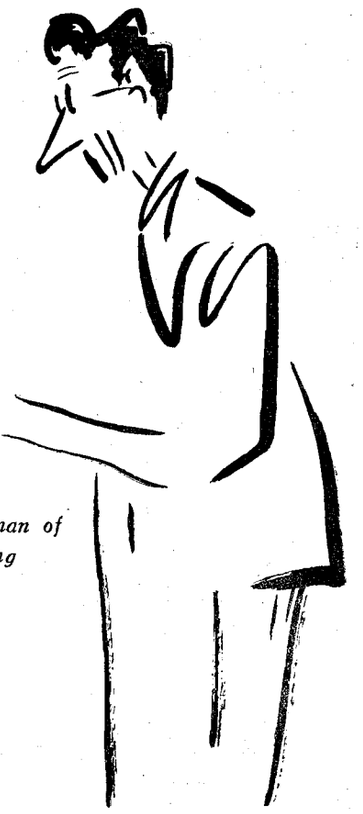
Add to this representation from the painters (Max Weber and George Biddle); the Artists' Union and labor in general (Philip Evergood); the foreign-born painters (Yasuo Kuniyoshi); the Chinese people (Chen I-wan); the dancers (Martha Graham), and a spokesman for artists throughout the country today (Rockwell Kent), and it will be seen that a real people's front in art has been established since the first sessions in February 1936. Those in New York City who could not attend will have the opportunity to see the significance of this extension for themselves by a visit to the exhibition of the congress, which will remain at 550 Fifth Avenue until the end of the year.

Aftermath of the Massacre

LEST the memory of the Memorial Day massacre grow dim in the minds of American workers, a Chicago court has just concentrated attention on it again. In that ghastly slaughter of unarmed workers, the police killed ten workers and wounded many more.

This was one case of mass murder that could not be hushed up or lied away. It was an unprovoked and deliberate massacre in which police fired at point-blank range into defenseless men and women, and ran amok with clubs after their victims were writhing on the ground. Witnesses bore testimony to the facts, and in this case the absolutely impeachable testimony of the camera was available. The LaFollette Civil Liberties Committee viewed the newsreel and issued a scorching report laying the murders squarely at the door of the Chicago police. The public, seeing the newsreel in movie houses afterward, joined in the verdict. Local authorities in Chicago whitewashed the police. Not one of the murderers was punished or even brought to trial.

But this does not mean that the forces of law and order in Chicago were idle. Sixty-one workers who were in that crowd on Memorial Day were prosecuted for conspiracy, and when that charge couldn't be made to stick, they were accused of "unlawful assembly." And now the learned judge has wound up the Memorial Day massacre by finding that it was the sixty-one workers who somehow escaped being murdered who were guilty, and imposing fines on them. He declared the massacre "regrettable" and dropped



Ralph M. Pearson, Chairman of the Carnegie Hall meeting

Max Weber, National Chairman of the Artists' Congress

Philip Evergood, President of the Artists' Union of N. Y.

Rockwell Kent

Holger Cahill, National Director of the Federal Arts Projects

Jerome Klein

George Biddle

Yasuo Kuniyoshi

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a few pious words to the effect that "capital should further more amicable relations with labor." He had no word of condemnation for the police. Perhaps Judge Graber doesn't go to the movies, and so missed the Memorial Day massacre newsreel. But millions of American workers have seen it, and remember it, and reading that the victims of the murderous attack which they have witnessed are the ones who have now been adjudged guilty, will draw their own conclusions about capitalist justice.

That Annual Wage

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has proposed that building trades labor take a reduction of hourly wages in favor of an annual wage. The basis of his reasoning is plausible but dangerous. He assumes that we are dealing with a seasonal industry, adds the total hours of actual employment per year, sums up the actual average wages earned by building workers over a considerable period, correlates these actual wages with the cost of living, and then comes to the decision that a real wage on an annual basis, equal to or more than the former average, is a boon to labor. It would reduce per unit cost of production and thus, presumably, encourage building construction.

Now look at the same proposal from the viewpoint of labor. The annual-wage plan says in effect: instead of employing labor for 1000 hours at a cost of $1500, employ labor for 2000 hours at no more than the same $1500. The hourly increase may vary, but the principle is clear from this example. Inevitably, labor would soon be doing considerably more work for the same pay or less, probably much less.

This reduction of the hourly basis for wages in the building industry would tend to ruin the bargaining power of labor in every other field. The steel worker, to name but one, would be forced to "reduce raw material costs" by also working on an annual wage basis. Indeed, wage-reductions would become a threat and soon a reality in all seasonal industries. From the industrial viewpoint, too, it would penalize the all-year industries in favor of the seasonal ones. Wage reductions among the latter would tend to drag down everything else.

Hague in Trouble

TIME was when Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City smashed unions and ran his bailiwick with a high hand without encountering any serious opposition. He saw no reason why he couldn't use the same methods to halt the C.I.O. True, the declaration of war against the C.I.O. by his good Republican friend Governor Hoffman—soon to be

The American Artists' Congress

Some of those who took part in the three-day session in New York City as Soriano saw them

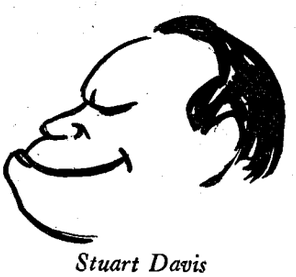
Ned Hilton, President of the Cartoonists' Guild

William Gropper

Lynd Ward

Erika Mann read a message from her father, Thomas Mann

Martha Graham brought greetings from the dancers



Stuart Davis

Arnold Blanche

Louis Lozowick

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ex-governor—hadn't prevented the C.I.O from steadily recruiting workers. But Boss Hague wasn't worried. He would show the large corporations how to defend the open shop. He would prove to them that he could deliver the necessary police brutality, illegal arrests, and cancellations of the right to organize and the rights to speak and assemble freely.

In the old days, the union-smashing of Hague and Hoffman brought protests and denunciations of A. F. of L. officials, and little else. The C.I.O. proved different. Picket lines appeared, meetings were held, leaflets were distributed. Hague ordered more arrests. At least, he proclaimed, Jersey City would tolerate none of the Moscow-directed Red hordes of the C.I.O. "I am the law," he announced. "I decided," he cried, slapping his chest. "Me. Here."

The A. F. of L. officials—not the membership—backed the Jersey City Führer. Rather no unions, they made clear, than a successful C.I.O. But Hague's dictatorship wasn't doing so well. The American Civil Liberties Union refused to accept Hague's edicts. The Workers' Defense League defied him. Sixteen congressmen protested his scrapping of the Constitution. "Don't worry," Hague wrote them. "Everything is under control." The C.I.O. sent more organizers.

Across the Hudson, Hague saw the shadow of the future when Tammany bowed to the American Labor Party. Jersey unions held a conference as a preliminary to forming the A.L.P. in their state. The A. F. of L.'s rank and file joined the C.I.O. in fighting Hague's experiment in fascism.

The fight is in its first stages. Hague still has power and plenty of reactionary support. Yet his crusade against the Bill of Rights is not running smoothly. His hysteria has overtones of desperation. Hague's defeat will be a major victory for trade unions, a major advance for the people's front in America.

Franco Gets His Offensive

FOR the last few months, the British and American press have been full of bold declarations from one or another anonymous source that the war in Spain was practically over. Franco was, of course, the winner. It was just a matter of waiting until spring, according to some cables, and the insurgent forces would mop up what little opposition remained. True, most of these confident predictions crept into the American press via London. But the fact remains that a good many correspondents were actually disposed to discount in advance Franco's victory as they surveyed the international scene.

All these prophecies originated from Franco's Salamanca propaganda-mill which fed the British tory press just what British foreign policy required. According to the most recent issue of the London *Week,* the mountain of publicity built up around Franco's legendary offensive was mainly intended to deceive foreign, specifically British, public opinion. The insurgent propagandists used the same device with equal success in the weeks immediately preceding their failure to take Madrid last year. The fascists got their non-intervention agreement at that time but they did not take Madrid. This year, with their promise of a crushing offensive, the fascists again made it possible for the British Foreign Office to appoint "agents" in the territory occupied by Franco. But they could not even hold Teruel.

The offensive has come, but it is the loyalist command which is pressing it. This fact, in itself, shows how the relationship of forces in this war has already reversed itself since the siege of Madrid began. Teruel indicates that what Franco was supposed to be going to do, the government forces are actually doing. They have made tremendous headway against a highly fortified and strategic position despite extraordinarily difficult conditions.

The Spanish people's army sprang a surprise attack with perfect precision even though a blizzard raged on the field of battle. The loyalist air fleet rose to scatter a concentration of insurgent troops, hurriedly rallied for a counter-attack, in the midst of a furious gale. Troops, fingers numb with cold, encircled the city, taking position after position according to carefully laid plans.

No longer can there be any doubt that democratic Spain has a real people's army, capable of coördination and discipline under the leadership of a competent general staff. That the creation of these conditions for victory had ever been bitterly disputed and even opposed may appear far away and strange at this moment. There were the Trotskyites who, in collaboration with the fascist "fifth column," charged betrayal at every point in the work of reconstructing the army. The May "putsch" in Barcelona, largely the work of the Trotskyist-fascist coalition, would have made Teruel impossible had it succeeded. There was Caballero and some anarchists whose personal vanity, rigidity of doctrine, and impacable hatred for the Communists, blinded them to the obvious truths which were being advocated by the Communists.

The building of the people's army, the achievement of discipline, and the organization of the proper military leadership was a long process in which the Spanish Communists occupied a preëminent role. Teruel, like Madrid, is another monument to them.

The insurgent offensive, about which there had been so much ballyhoo and so little activity, is no longer likely to start before spring, if then. Should Franco decide to hasten his offensive, his chances of victory will be materially lessened. Offensives against prepared positions are difficult at best. If Franco attacks, he must launch his offensive against an army inspired by victory and at a peak of operating efficiency. There is some chance, however, that the Teruel engagement will precipitate Franco into premature attack if only because he cannot afford to wait. The conflicts within his own ranks grow worse, and his Italo-German backers do not take kindly to the costs involved in maintaining a mercenary army that does not show results.

Guadalajara gave the Italians the jitters, and Teruel will give them another round of the same, only worse. Now there are no longer any exposed outposts of loyalist territory, such as the Asturias and the Basque country. It is ridiculous to prophesy in any detail the future course of individual campaigns and battles. It would be wrong to predict that there can be no more defeats. But it is possible to reëxamine the alignment of forces in the Spanish war. That alignment now definitely favors the loyalists. A continuation of this favorable set-up until spring and beyond means eventual victory, the first frontal defeat of Hitler and Mussolini on grounds of their own choosing.

The Salamanca propaganda chiefs have overreached themselves. Now that the fascist prophecies have been proved false, it is appropriate for the friends of Spanish democracy to take the offensive. This is a favorable moment for an invigorated and renewed campaign against non-intervention, which in this country masks itself as "neutrality." It is also time to do more for the American boys in Spain and the Spanish people generally through the agencies which exist for that purpose: the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, and the Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy.

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Frame-Up in Los Angeles

By Alfred O'Malley

Los Angeles.

DECEMBER 16 was a big day on the American news front. That was the day the cables sizzled with the first eye-witness stories by the survivors of the *Panay* bombing. The story got top billing throughout the American press. But not in Los Angeles. There the headlines screamed across eight columns: POLICE NAB HEAD OF RED ROBBER GANG and RED "ROBIN HOOD" STOLE TO FILL COMMUNIST COFFERS. The subheads declared that a local C.I.O. official was implicated, and that documents had been found on the self-confessed burglar which connected him with the Tom Mooney Molders' Defense Committee.

The story went on to say that the police of Beverly Hills had arrested one Arthur Scott, alias Kent, and his wife; had found on him a Communist Party membership book and a credential letter personally signed by Tom Mooney; that they had also arrested Tom Johnson, of the local C.I.O. paper *ndustrial Unionist,* after obtaining a confes- on from Scott which declared that Johnson d been his accomplice in carrying out a umber of recent burglaries in swank Beverly Hills and that Johnson, too, was a member the Communist Party. Scott said he had glarized wealthy homes and, selling the had turned the proceeds over to the munists as a form of "social taxation." he afternoon papers carried a scorching ement from the local C.I.O. office brand- the accusation against Johnson a police rame-up. The Communist Party and the Mooney Defense Committee issued similar statements. But the papers also carried the news that Scott had led the police to his ache and that plundered residents of Beverly Hills had been calling, identifying items in the swag. The burglary charge was apparently genuine. What had happened?

I WENT to the office of the Los Angeles Communist Party. The county committee was in session on the case and promised a supplementary statement at the general membership meeting of Los Angeles County that night. At the local C.I.O. office I was told a bit more of the story as it affected Johnson. He had been called on the phone the morning of December 15 by Scott, whom he had known three years before in Frisco in connection with work for the Mooney defense. Scott said that he was in a jam and needed help, and he asked Johnson to meet him in Hollywood. Johnson insisted that pressure of work made it necessary for Scott to come down to Los Angeles. Scott agreed to meet Johnson in the lobby of the Rosslyn Hotel. Johnson left to keep the appointment—and disappeared. Hours later newspapermen phoned, saying he was in the Beverly Hills jail and needed a lawyer. A. L. Wirin, noted for his legal work in civil liberties cases and local attorney for the C.I.O., went up to Beverly Hills. Presently Johnson was released on $2500 bail, and he told me what had happened.

When Johnson arrived at the Rosslyn Hotel he was accosted by a stranger and asked if he was Tom Johnson. When he said yes, two plainclothesmen grabbed him and took him to Beverly Hills jail, telling him that he was being held as an accomplice in a burglary job. At the jail he was placed in a cell next to one in which Scott was confined. He asked Scott what it was all about, and Scott said that as he left his hotel to meet Johnson, he had been picked up. Scott further told Johnson that he had made a confession, and that the police really had something on him. Johnson said all he wanted was that Scott tell the police the truth—that he, Johnson, had not seen Scott in three years. Scott said he would stick to the truth. Presently Scott was taken from his cell. He returned half an hour later. Johnson asked him whether he had been third-degreed and Scott said he had. But Johnson saw no signs of rough treatment. Johnson asked Scott whether he had told the truth and he said he had.

Then the police took Johnson out. They threatened to beat him up if he didn't come clean. Johnson said he wasn't confessing to a crime he hadn't committed. They didn't beat him. Instead, they showed Johnson a document, signed by Scott, which declared that he identified Johnson as one of the burglary accomplices he had named in his "confession" of the day before. Johnson told the police he suspected it was a forgery. The police produced other apparently authentic papers of Johnson's which indicated the signature of the "identification" was genuine. Scott had declared Johnson his accomplice in burglary and had said he was a member of the Communist Party.

THAT NIGHT in Trinity Auditorium Paul Cline, county organizer of the Communist Party, read a statement from the county committee which revealed that five months ago in Frisco, Scott and his wife had been expelled from the Communist Party. Scott had been branded at that time as an "unprincipled adventurer and suspicious element unfit for membership in the party." The statement went on to say that Johnson, in whose innocence the party fully believed, was not and never had been a member.

Then more information on Scott began to come to light. Scott, alias Kent (real name, Arthur Margolis) had been in San Quentin prison some years ago, serving a term for burglary. There he came into contact with Tom Mooney, who is famous for his missionary work among his fellow prisoners. Margolis-Scott-Kent apparently became converted to the cause, and when he left prison he carried Mooney's endorsement. He became active in the Mooney committee and was privy to its inmost workings. He joined the Communist Party. Then strange things began to happen, things which made the party's term "unprincipled adventurer" a very mild statement of the reasons for his expulsion. But in the interim he had been to Hollywood on business for the Mooney committee. He had been received into the homes of liberal screen writers and actors. He knew enough so that if burglary was his program he would pick Beverly Hills, the Gold Coast of the film colony.

But what about Johnson? Why had Scott picked on him? Johnson told me: "I subsequently learned that Kent had phoned me at the insistence of and in the presence of police from the Beverly Hills jail after consultation with Captain Hynes of the Los Angeles police department." In other words, Scott's story about having been picked up by cops as he started out to meet Johnson was a deliberate lie. He had simply baited a police trap.

AT THE PRELIMINARY HEARING several interesting things develop. First, Scott's attorney makes no attempt to bail him out. (Is he afraid he will be interviewed?) Second, charges against Mrs. Scott are dismissed, on the ground, in the district attorney's words, that "she and her husband have been coöperating 100 percent with the police" and that she knew nothing of the robberies anyway. Most interesting of all, however, is Scott's attorney. This self-confessed "Communist" has for his attorney a man who has become distinguished on the Pacific Coast for Red-baiting. None other than Mr. Aaron Sapiro.

Here, then, is the line-up of forces: in this corner, the police, the coöperative criminal, and the coöperative criminal's attorney, a spokesman for reactionary trade-union officials eager to raise a Red scare; in the other corner the liberals, the militant trade unionists, and the Communist Party. "Red" Hynes and the open-shop chamber of commerce he represents have joined fascists the world over in making it plain as a pikestaff that attacking the people's front is on the immediate order of business. The strategy behind this frame-up is undoubtedly to paint the C.I.O. and the Mooney committee Red; and to attack them both, plus the Communist Party, by linking them with common criminality. But the odor of fish is too strong, and will nauseate the whole community as Johnson's defense really goes to work to expose this conspiracy.

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FORSYTHE'S PAGE

Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Lewis at Home

MR. AND MRS. SINCLAIR LEWIS are having *breakfast in their little cottage. As they talk Mrs. Lewis hurries back and forth from the kitchen where she is frying the eggs. The sunlight is coming in through the windows and there is the sound of hens cackling in the back yard. Mr. Lewis is reading the morning paper between bites.*

"OH, Dottie, listen!" cries Mr. Lewis. "Listen what it says here about you."

"About me?" says Mrs. Lewis, stopping in the doorway.

"Somebody suggesting that you'd make a good candidate for President. President of the United States. The United States of America."

"Somebody who?" asks Mrs. Lewis.

"Just somebody," says Mr. Lewis, not paying much attention.

"Oh," says Mrs. Lewis and begins to leave.

"Why, you'd made a great President," cries Mr. Lewis elatedly. "Mrs. Sinclair Lewis, President of the United States." He pauses and begins to reflect. "It wouldn't be Mrs. Lewis, though. It'd be Miss Dorothy Thompson."

He calls through the door.

"You ever think of that, Dottie? It wouldn't be Mrs. Lewis at all, would it?"

Mrs. Lewis returns with more toast.

"You just get through here and down to that work of yours. You know who the great man is in this family."

"Oh, pshaw," says Mr. Lewis modestly.

"Didn't you get the Nobel prize?"

"Sure."

"Didn't you turn down the Pulitzer prize?"

"Yeh, I did that."

"Didn't you stand in that pulpit in Kansas City and dare God to strike you dead?"

"He didn't strike me, did he!" demands Mr. Lewis aggressively.

"Of course, he didn't," says Mrs. Lewis. "He knew how much this country needs you."

Mr. Lewis looks at her coyly out of the corner of his eye.

"They never suggested me for President," he reminds her.

"What do you care who writes the nation's laws if you can write the nation's novels?" quotes Mrs. Lewis.

"That's right, I guess," says Mr. Lewis, mollified, and gives himself over thoughtfully to munching on a piece of toast.

Mrs. Lewis goes back to the kitchen and addresses him from that point.

"Oh, Red," she calls. "I forgot to tell you. I'll be a little late getting home tonight."

"Yeh?" says Mr. Lewis suspiciously.

"I'm making a speech before the Manufacturers' Association. A big banquet."

Mr. Lewis sits sulking, saying nothing. Mrs. Lewis returns from the kitchen.

"Now, if you're going to get angry about that again . . ." she begins.

"I'm not angry," says Mr. Lewis. "I'm sore. How do you think I like it sitting around here every night while you're out speech-making for a bunch of Babbitts?"

"Now, Red, you know what I think about that. We've discussed it before. At a time like this when everything is at odds and ends, it's a person's duty to do what he can."

"It's damn funny they never ask me to speak," says Mr. Lewis. He sees her about to answer and hurriedly beats her to it. "Yeh, I know, who cares who writes the nation's laws. . . . To hell with that. But they don't ask me to speak." His voice rises. "They didn't even ask me to speak at the Union League Club."

"Maybe they didn't know you wanted to speak," she suggests.

"How'd they know I didn't want to speak unless they asked me!"

"Now, Red, really. . . . If you're going to feel hurt about a little thing like that. . . ."

"Hurt . . . me hurt! I suppose you've forgotten that I spoke before the king of Sweden . . . and a whole lot of the cabinet members . . . dukes and things like that. . . ."

"Yes, yes, I know," says Mrs. Lewis wearily, "I've heard about that. But what do you care about those little things? You're a writer. You're an important writer. I think this new job you have with *News-Week* is going to be fine for you. It'll probably work into something pretty big."

"Thanks."

"Oh, I know. . . . You think it's just a hack job, but it'll give you a chance to get in with the right people and you can do a lot of good with it."

"The right people?" asks Mr. Lewis.

"You know what I mean . . . the people who do things in America, the people who run this country."

"The people who belong to the Harvard Club, for instance?" says Mr. Lewis.

"Yes," says Mrs. Lewis defiantly. "The people who belong to the Harvard Club. And I'll tell you one thing, Red. . . . You're never going to reach those people with the sort of thing you did in those first *News-Week* pieces. They were too obvious."

"Now you're telling me how to be a writer."

"Well, I've had a great deal of experience lately. After all my column is syndicated. . . ."

"In forty papers. I've heard *that,* too."

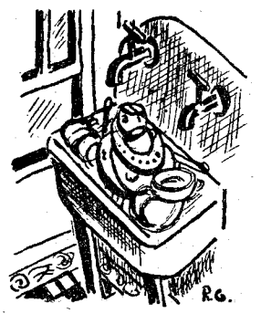
"You can be funny if you want to, but I know that you can't influence the people you want to influence if you do it as you've tried in *News-Week.* You have to be more subtle. It's all right to be mad at something but you mustn't just come right out and say you're mad at it."

"If you're in favor of the Babbitts, the way to do it is come out and attack labor, but always as labor's best friend. . . . Is that it?"

"Oh, you'd twist it around."

"But is that it? And when you want to show the common people you love them, you do it before the Manufacturers' Association?" cries Mr. Lewis.

"You needn't get so uppity about it. You don't love them any more than I do. If you really want to know whom you love, you love Mr. George Babbitt. . . . And possibly the king o Sweden."



Ruth Gikow

"No, my dear says Mr. Lewis with the guile of diplomat. "I lo *you,* Miss Doro Thompson, n President o f United States of America, and darling of Union League and the Harvard and Manufacturers'."

Mrs. Lewis is hurt.

"If you're going to act that way about it," she says, "I won't do it."

"Do what?"

"I'll give it up."

"Give what up?"

"I *won't* be President of the United States," says Mrs. Lewis.

Mr. Lewis leaps eight feet in the air and hurls his napkin on the floor.

"Well, that's very decent of you. . . . That's very damned decent and sporting, I must say. Just to make me feel better, you won't b President of the United States after all!"

"Now, Red, really. . . ."

"Do you mean to say you've been taken in by that damned nonsense!"

Mrs. Lewis is very obviously wounded at this.

"I guess I have as much right as anybody else," she says, in a small hurt voice. "It's a free country. If they wanted to ask you, they could do it just as well."

"Let me tell you something, my fine feathered friend!" yells Mr. Lewis. "I'm a writer. I'm an artist. I don't care who makes the nation's. . . . Oh, SHUT UP!"

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

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Hitler and German Capitalism

By Paul A. Kaufmann

THERE has been a good deal of controversy over the relations between the Hitler government and German capitalism in respect to the "socialist" claims of National Socialism. Some have gone so far as to assert that fascism fetters capitalism to such an extent that "free" capitalism no longer exists. On this basis, communism and fascism are sometimes considered identical in their "collectivization" of capital.

The proponents of this view have contented themselves with merely putting forth the theory without actual reference to the fact. Yet it is easy to establish the truth or falsity of their argument. Whether Hitler is a friend or enemy of monopoly capitalism may be verified by simply referring to the record.

In the years before 1933, when every Nazi agitator still shouted against usury and usurious capital, when Point 13 of the Nazi program, which demands nationalization of big trusts, was expounded at meetings of unemployed and underpaid workers, storekeepers and debt-ridden farmers, the German government became a partner in quite a number of German banks and industrial concerns. To ave off the complete collapse of German ecoomic life, the government—"of the Marxist ra," as the Nazis call it—acquired majority stock in the Hamburg-South American Steamship Lines, the Gelsenkirchen Bergwerksverein (a subsidiary of the United Steel Works), the Commerz & Privat Bank, and the Dresdner Bank. It furthermore purchased a considerable block of Deutsche Bank stock.

When he took over the government in March 1933, Hitler automatically became a partner in those firms. His government held 70 percent of the Gelsenkirchen Bergwerksverein 140-million-mark stock; 70 percent of the Commerz & Privat Bank 80-million-mark-stock; 88 percent of the Dresdner Bank 150-million-mark stock; and 38 percent of the Deutsche Bank 130-million-mark-stock.

Here was a golden opportunity. Two of he nation's biggest banks and a good part of he steel trust were already controlled by the government. Hitler could have begun, at once, to redeem his campaign pledges, could have carried out Point 13 of his program. However, he did nothing at that time. The Nazis have now enjoyed almost five years of complete rule, and one is justified in asking what steps were taken to nationalize the trusts and break the power of the big banks?

Did Hitler dismember the huge trusts? Let us take the United Steel Works as an example. When Hitler entered into partnership with Fritz Thyssen, the chairman of United Steel, this concern, besides determining the policy of the Gelsenkirchen Bergwerksverein, was tied up with a number of other similar mining and smelting enterprises. After the Nazi revolution Thyssen set out to build a still mightier steel trust. Though Hitler was an important partner, Thyssen must not have consulted him in matters of trust building. At a stockholders' meeting in November 1933 it was decided to take the old United Steel Works, the Phoenix Corp. for Mining & Smelting, the United Steel Works Van der Zypen, and the Wissener Iron Mills, into the fold of the Gelsenkirchen Mining Corp. The capital of the latter was increased to 644 million marks, and the name was changed to United Steel Works. The Reich's share in this new combination was 15.5 percent, a considerable drop from the previous 70 percent.

The steel trust was on the march. In spring of 1934 the new United Steel Works gobbled up five additional iron and steel mills in the Ruhr district to become the unchallenged master of German heavy industry. As the steel trust grew bigger, the government's interest became less important.

Thanks to Hitler's rearmament program, United Steel was resuming handsome dividend payments. In 1936 Thyssen and one hundred and thirty-three stockholders of the steel trust decided to buy back from the Reich, at par, that hundred-million-mark bloc of Gelsenkirchen stock. While the Nazi government obligingly gave up its share in the nation's second biggest concern, other interests, at the same time, increased their holdings of United Steel common. Early in 1936 the German press reported that Rheinstahl had purchased another ten-million-marks' worth of United Steel common, making its holdings total seventy million marks, or 15 percent of United Steel capital stock. Since Rheinstahl happens to be the mining subsidiary of the powerful I. G. Dye Trust, this transaction did not indicate a dissolution of trust combinations.

Next to United Steel and I. G. Dye, the Friedrich Flick Kommandit Gesellschaft has profited most by Hitler's repudiation of his own program. Until 1933, Friedrich Flick was little known in Germany. Financial circles knew him as chairman of the Mittelstahl Corp., a holding company capitalized at forty-five million marks. Through Mittelstahl, Flick held 80 percent of the capital stock of Maxhütte, a twenty-six-million-mark iron and coal concern. In 1934 Flick became chairman of the Harpen Mining Corp., a sign of his growing influence in the affairs of this ninety-million-mark company. At the same time Mittelstahl had purchased two smaller iron works in central Germany and had acquired majority stock of two leading railway equipment shops. Finally, in 1935, Harpen Mining Corp., with Flick at its helm, reduced its capital in a way as to give Maxhütte, meaning Flick, a clear majority. It was this Flick-controlled corporation which purchased the Essener Mining Co. from United Steel, when the latter needed cash to conclude the hundred-million-mark deal with the government.

In 1937, Friedrich Flick set up the Flick Kommandit Gesellschaft, a personal holding-company, thus completing his trust. He has become one of the dominant industrialists in Germany. His concern ranks third in the production of raw steel, right behind United Steel and Krupp. In coal output, too, the Flick mines take a leading place.

Before they seized the government, the Nazis ranked the bankers with Jews and Bolsheviks. Gottfried Feder, creator of the Nazi program, in his pamphlet *Der deutsche Staat,* is quite outspoken on the subject of banks. A 1932 edition, published by the official Eher Co., Munich, states:

> Their [the bankers'] one thought is to make a profit out of interest, commission, or whatever the banking process of tapping the supply of money is called.

The government of Feder's prize pupil holds different opinions now. It did not take over the banks, although the capital of some of them was, as we saw, almost completely in its hands. Instead, every step was taken to hand back to the bankers those institutions which public money had saved from utter ruin.

In September 1936 the Reich's interest in the Hamburg-South American Steamship Line was sold to a group of Hamburg bankers. In October of the same year private banks bought twenty-two-million-marks' worth of Commerz & Privat Bank stock, and today all of the fifty-six million marks which the government held in 1933 are back in private vaults. Similarly, the fifty-million-mark bloc of Deutsche Bank stock was bought back from the government. Finally, on October 4, 1937, the directors of the Dresdner Bank announced that all of the one hundred and thirty-two million marks, which the government had taken over in 1931 to save the biggest private banking corporation in Germany, were again in private possession.

The Nazi regime has proven to be most solicitous of big business. The resignation of Hjalmar Schacht, while it probably will lead to some change of policy, will not effect any change in principle. National Socialism is essentially pro-capital. This truth has been strikingly demonstrated by the unheralded resignation of Gottfried Feder. Today, Gottfried Feder, whom Hitler on February 14, 1926, appointed final judge of all questions connected with the Nazi program, leads the obscure life of a petty official in Breslau, while Thyssen, Krupp, and Flick carry out *their* profitable brand of National Socialism.

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The Police Go to School

By Oscar Wagner

MY student days are not over. I am now taking a fascinating correspondence course entitled "A Complete Course in the Use of Tear Gas and the Thompson Submachine Gun." Every month in the magazine, the *National Police Officer,* there appears another chapter in this thrilling drama of how the police preserve law and order. I am instructed how to break strikes and crush the Red menace "humanely," with tear gas. But I will let you in on the essentials.

LESSON I

The problem is placed before us, squarely and solemnly.

Radical and communistic propaganda of the present time has created many new problems for authorities responsible for peace, one of the most important of which is civil unrest. . . . If violence breaks out and gunfire has to be resorted to, a situation is created out of all proportion to the original disturbance, with an aftermath which may be historical. The funeral of the victim of a riot is frequently a more serious problem than the original cause of the riot.

And so, since people might become too aroused over police killings, the search began for a "humane method of maintaining order." Tear gas was discovered and became a popular police weapon because it did not kill but served merely "to disorganize the mob, breaking up the hypnotic influence of the mob leadership." The urgent need is stressed for a gas weapon which can disperse rioters and at the same time keep police "out of range and bombardment of these vicious missiles." The long-range, gas riot-gun was perfected. A description of the various gas guns manufactured by Federal Laboratories, Inc., Pittsburgh, Pa., completes the lesson.

We have thus learned that pickets, strikers, and agitators cause civil unrest and must be quelled.

LESSON II

In this chapter we are taught how to "Control Riots and Dangerous Criminals" and again are told of the great advantage of gas over gunfire. Killing creates martyrs and prolongs disturbances but tear gas makes most uninspiring "a leader who is weeping and unable to see." The objective is to restore the individual to his rational thinking because

Rioters are usually peaceful citizens who have become excited under leadership and led into acts of violence. Frequently many members of a mob comprise some of the town's best citizens.

At this point I tried to recall when some of these best citizens were dispersed by tear gas while taking part in a lynching but the police never seem to be around when the lynching

John Heliker

occurs. There is a final warning to the police officer that

leaders should not be clubbed or shot in the presence of their followers. To do so makes a martyr of them and further increases the frenzy of the crowd.

The lesson ends with a discussion of hand grenades, ærial gas grenades (the newest development), and smoke candles.

LESSON III

This lesson is really illuminating. Examples of typical riots and methods of quelling them are considered in detail.

Example 1. In 1934, rioting broke out in a prominent sea-coast city. It started with the longshoremen's walkout, but soon was beyond their control, ending in an unsuccessful attempt by communists to overthrow the city government. . . . There was much talk of sacking stores, but the police were on the job continuously and prevented this being done.

The effective manner in which the police used gas to break the strike is then discussed and the final comment is that:

It was said by the rioting leaders that if it had not been for the tear gas, they could have accomplished their objective by mass action.

By their objective is meant, I suppose, the taking over of the city government by the communists.

Example 2 is an analysis of the methods used in quelling a revolution in a Latin-American country and how efficient and "humane" the use of tear gas was.

Example 3 shows what a snap it is to break a strike given the proper equipment—gas, of course.

Example 4 warns of the need for a sufficient gas supply.

During 1934, civil disturbances broke out in an important textile manufacturing center. The police were confronted with large numbers of rioters, apparently imported from other sections.

But alas! There wasn't enough gas on hand to disperse all the strikers so that one group of them looted the main-street stores and damaged property until more gas was obtained. Therefore the warning that "this example depicts the necessity of having an adequate supply of gas."

This lesson also urges us to learn certain points of law which will help us in our work.

A little knowledge of law has enabled some police departments to overcome this handicap to a considerable degree. Charges of disorderly conduct or disturing the peace are only misdemeanors and carry a small bail. When these same leaders are charged with felonious assault on an officer of the law, in most sections classified as a criminal action carrying high bail, release is more difficult to secure. Thus the offender may often be held until the excitement is over and order restored.

No matter the offense or the charge, the important thing is to hold him. It was during this same textile strike that not only leaders but hundreds of strikers were herded into specially constructed bull-pens by the order of the governor of Georgia, where they were imprisoned until the strike was over. This meat lesson winds up with a series of plans and fo mations useful in the handling of civil di turbances.

LESSON IV

We are assured in this chapter that the tear gas produced by the Federal Laboratories, Inc., of 185 41st Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., is an "effective chemical method of handling civil disturbances." Tear gas, sickening gas, and a mixture of the two are then discussed. When there are "extremely stubborn civil disturbances," mixtures of the tear and sickening gases are urged. The relative merits of these are then given as follows:

Tear gas (*CN*). Causes lachrymation, skin itching, and throat irritation; breaks the mob spirit and restores the individual to his rational senses; effects last from five to twenty minutes after entering clear air.

Tear gas (*CN*) *and sickening gas* (*DM*). Cause sneezing and vomiting; breaks the mob spirit b removing all ability to resist; effects last from twenty minutes to three hours.

Sickening gas (*DM*). Causes sneezing, vomiting, and violent headaches; makes the victim helpless; effects last from one to twelve hours.

The list also includes first-aid treatment for each type of gas.

I have not yet received the last three lessons which will be concerned mainly with tactics and equipment. Lesson VII, however, promises to be more interesting because it will be a discussion of the Thompson Submachine Gun, its place in law-enforcement work, and its use in the suppression of riots.

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READERS' FORUM

Long Distance Gambling

TO THE NEW MASSES:

AN interesting sideline on the opposition to Roosevelt is the charge that by Stock Exchange restrictions the market for securities has dried up. According to this theory the requirement of high margins causes a shortage of buyers, hence when stocks are on offer, there is no public willing to rush in and buy bargains by putting up a shoestring deposit.

The same big boys who retail this theory have conducted the greater part of their Stock Exchange business in London and Amsterdam. It is notorious that the option market in American shares in London is far greater than in New York, but the less well known fact is that British banks have been lending stupendous amounts on American shares, lending from 80 percent to 90 percent of their value. In other words, the speculator had to put up, say, 55 percent in New York (now about 40 percent) whereas in London, he not only could get away with 10 percent, but he had a two or three week settlement in which to make good any differences against him. In New York when the market went against the small speculator he became a restricted account; in London he was free to pyramid until he was in the most dangerous position conceivable.

The crash in the British and South African markets, the bursting of the commodities bubble carrying with it the cheap speculators in Europe, forced them to unload for cash. Hence they rushed to sell Yankee securities, and, as the margins in London were thin, the offers crashed through the thin protection and we had an old-fashioned speculative panic. The New York crowd, operating more heavily in London than in New York, sold there first, in such quantities that values were destroyed and soon they had to sell, necessarily in America to raise cash. This break, like all others, has come from overextended small-margin speculation. In order to cover their tax-evasion tracks, the spurious cry of high margins is raised here by a crowd that has used London as a speculative center.

If Secretary Hull is anxious to preserve the financial stability of the system for a few years, it would be far more important for him to arrange a financial treaty with London along the lines of that arranged with Canada. The Canadian government is to enter into reciprocal moves against tax evasion and open the books of their banks to our Treasury investigators. The Canadian banks have cooperated with the Roosevelt administration by refusing to lend freely on American stocks in London. If Hull can coördinate the Stock Exchange activities of London and New York, the Roosevelt policy of high margins and regulation will become effective at last and the permanent impoverishment of the middle class by the stock market be reduced to a minimum.

STEPHEN BLAKE.

New York City.

Lippmann as Social Lion

TO THE NEW MASSES:

MR. CORLISS LAMONT'S letter in reply to me shows, I think, that it will be the philosopher and not the reporter who will one day write that oration which will go down through the school books as "The Reply to Lippmann." I say this because Mr. Lamont's stricture on Walter turned Esquire contains a shrewd point, which reveals unusual sophistication for a philosopher. It is the Long Island society business that I mean. And it is news. *Time* magazine, whose charming rascality, knavery, and vulgarity make it, I think, a leading radical organ today, did publish a photograph of Lippmann on a horse in the occupation of refereeing a polo game on Long Island "for some friends." It is true that Walter's legs are "good," and not at all like his round, spectacled, rosy, youthful face, which is not as belligerent and dashing as the angular mug that horsemen fancy. And he is a natural referee, a born judge. But his brain does look queer on a Spanish-cursing Argentine polo nag.

I maintain that the Americano is the world's and history's most natural-born snob. And I say, further, that I am more of an authority than anybody, because I was born in South Dakota, brought up on the Panama Canal, educated at Harvard College, and stewed in practical life in Paris in the high-low trade of foreign correspondent. I have seen them all, and Lippmann is by no means one of the best. Yankee bankers love lords, Babbitt manufacturers adore the Legion of Honor, our pacific and lay military worship field marshals of the real tough stuff, and our fox hunters swoon at the sight of archduchesses. The professors are terrible, worse than the women. The only Atlantides I saw during twenty years over there who were not snobs were Negro prizefighters, white jockeys, dentists, and bartenders.

Since my return to reporting in Wall Street I have interviewed several thousand polo players who rode along as an avocation the profession of investment banking. These gentlemen have vocabularies of eight hundred words, three hundred of which have to do with harness and popular veterinary science. Their women folk speak four hundred units, two of which are professional restaurant terms connected with the food and liquor business. Now Lippmann is just the lion to amaze these insular folk. I recall that in another recent news story about him a direct if inelegant opponent stated in a sworn deposition that he was a "veteran of invective and sarcasm, whose vocabulary, practically unlimited. . . ." and so on. What would Old Westbury and Sands Point not give to be in the presence of a vocabulary, practically unlimited? It would be better than having Houdini back.

I am for censorship, but of one book only. It is a thoroughly criminal enterprise, and I invite them to go after me for libel. It is the *Social Register*. Crimes are committed to break into it. It ruins homes and despoils virtue and wrecks lives. It is much worse than that Legion that is not Honor. Yet it can be got into for twenty dollars, plus a little wit for the oblique. The eminent—and also radical—*New Yorker* has proved that it contains the name of a dog. But that is not all, for the fact-finding of the *New Yorker*, excellent as it is, is not perfect. Practical jokers have succeeded in making it with the names of one nanny goat, three colored persons, eight eminences long since dead, a convict in residence at suburban Sing Sing, and eleven creatures who never existed at all, and whose names, to the learned in tongues, indicate punning on comical if not improper thoughts. It should be destroyed, for it is the roster of the agency which is undermining radical youth with dinner invitations.

New York City. HARRISON REEVES.

Ralph Martin

Revised Anthem

Rule, Britannia!
Peace proclaim and veil thy sly ad-
Herence to the fascist triad.
Complicate a simple riddle;
Play both ends against the middle.
Temporize. Let statesmen drool.
Multiply thy profits. Rule,
Britannia!

Rule, Britannia!
Rule but fear thine own ambition
Fear the future. Fear transition.
Fear the strength of labor's masses
Welded to the middle classes.
Tory guile will never fool
A people's front aroused to rule
Britannia!

Brookline, Mass. JOSEPH MILLER.

Appeal from Harlan

TO THE NEW MASSES:

WE, the undersigned Harlan miners, who ar erving life imprisonment after the framed-u trials growing out of the "Battle of Evarts" May 1931, send you our greetings and wish you and your families a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

We have been imprisoned over six and one-hal years. This will make our seventh Christmas behin prison bars. And while these have been long dar years we are still 100 percent union men, and w will always be union men no matter how many years we are kept here. The Kentucky Miners' Defense—our committee—explains about our cases in leaflets and pamphlets. From these you can get the full facts.

We are imprisoned because we dared to organize a union, because we went out on strike, and because we dared to picket even though the murderou Harlan gunmen tried to shoot our pickets down. Th rights to organize, and strike, and picket, are de to the heart of every worker. These are righ every worker should protect. And therefore we a asking all workers to give their support to w freedom for us.

Last December 24, at the pardon hearing, Gov ernor Chandler told our people to "bolster up th record." This has been done aplenty. New ev dence has been discovered in our cases, and in A Benson's case the Kentucky Miners' Defense has the sworn confession of the man who made the frame-up. We want another pardon hearing this December. If we get another hearing and the workers back us up we can be free this Christmas.

Serving life for being loyal to working-class principles is not hard if the folks outside keep up the fight for freedom. So don't you wait for the other fellow or the other union to do something; just everybody do something and we will win. Here's how to help:

(1) Send a resolution or a letter to Governor Chandler asking him to grant full and unconditional pardons.

(2) Contribute to our committee, the Kentucky Miners' Defense, 75 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., to help in this fight for justic and freedom.

With Christmas greetings to all, we remain,
Fraternally yours,
CHESTER L. POORE, JIM REYNOLDS, W. B JONES, AL BENSON.
Kentucky State Reformatory,
La Grange, Kentucky.

P. S. Send copies of your resolutions to the Kentucky Miners' Defense.

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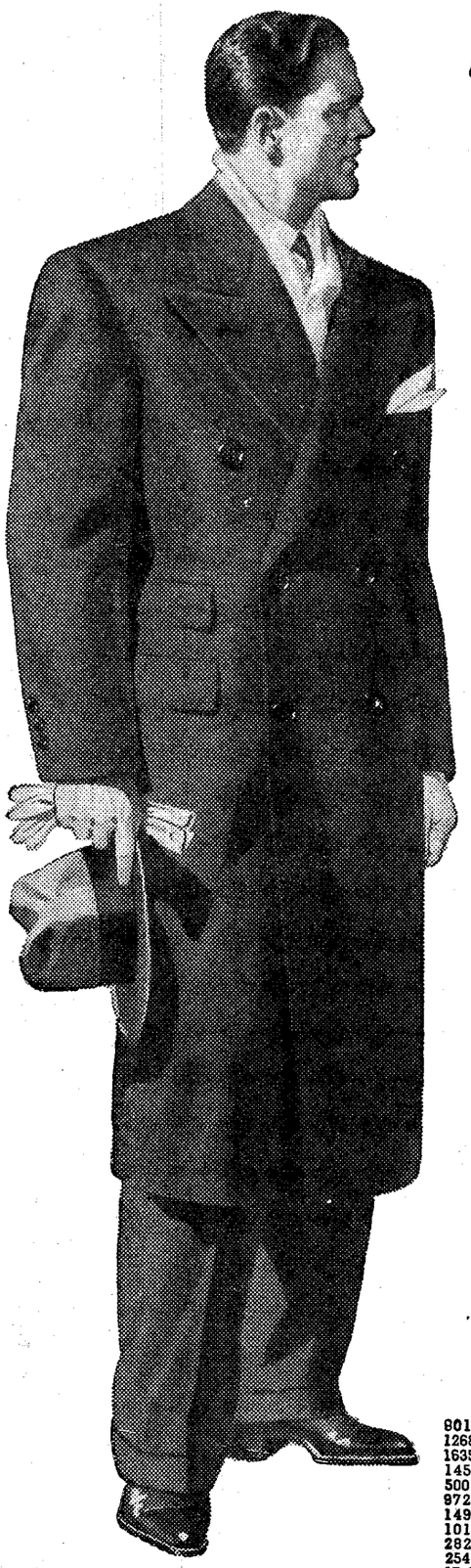

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BOOK REVIEWS

Huxley's Means Infect His Ends

ENDS AND MEANS, *by Aldous Huxley. Harper & Bros. $3.50.*

THE pragmatic contention that means infect their ends, that bad means exclude good ends, and that consequently, violent or undemocratic means can never result in peace and democracy, is a fallacy dear to the hearts of liberals and pacifists who desire to escape, with a good conscience and a clean heart, from the commitments and personal hazards of the progressive movement. All they have to do to justify their desertion of trade unions or collective security, of Spain or the Soviet Union, is to point to the use of force and violence, and to augur darkly that only hatred and further violence can result. Hegel long ago saw that progress can be realized only by destroying something "holy," and history, to say nothing of Marxist theory, has made it abundantly clear that somebody has to be disappointed, to say the least. Bentham, realizing that his progressive ideal of a more equal distribution of land threatened the great proprietors, evolved an ingenious theory to the effect that the pain of disappointing the sacred expectations of the few men who owned the most of England would amount almost to infinity and far overbalance the pleasure of the greatest numbers of petty owners.

But Mr. Huxley hasn't got this far. He still thinks that progress, and the progress in charity is the only kind he admits, can be achieved only by peaceful understanding and reconciliation. In the present book he attempts to solve on this basis practically all the problems of the modern world. His failure is so striking that the book will probably be remembered as a classic refutation of the very pacifist solutions it recommends.

One of his main contentions, for example, is that the cause of war is war. Since means infect their ends, "war and violence are the prime cause of war and violence." From this it follows, of course, that the only way to prevent wars in the future is not to have had any in the past. This is typical of Mr. Huxley's solutions. The argument, of course, is a very brazen fallacy well-known in logical circles. It consists in inferring that since one war precedes another, the first must be the cause of the second. It is like arguing that since starvation occurs periodically in China, starvation is the cause of starvation. But Mr. Huxley, it must be admitted, has the courage of his credulity. "A country," he says, "where, as in Spain, there is a tradition of civil strife, is far more liable to civil strife than one in which there exists a long habit of peaceful co-operation.'

Thus agrarian problems, the 1936 election, and the fascist aggression were merely incidental to the present war in Spain, and Mr. Huxley does not discuss them. The "prime cause," as he can easily deduce from his theory of ends and means, is war and violence in the past. Spain, having started off with violence, is doomed by Mr. Huxley's magic formula to violence now and hereafter. Moreover: "'The defense of democracy against fascism' entails inevitably the transformation of democracy into fascism." Does Mr. Huxley mean that the only way for the Spaniards to avoid fascism is to surrender to the fascists or does he mean that the fascists can be conquered with kindness? The only real progress, he says, is progress in charity, and a charitable order can never be attained by uncharitable means. This may be what he means, but I think it is more likely he is voicing the fashionable skepticism current in certain British circles to the effect that fascism is invincible, at least if one tries with any vigor to resist it.

In search far and wide for illustrations of his theory that means infect their ends Mr. Huxley comes to a stop before a sentence of Laski's in *Communism,* which reads: "It is patent that without the iron dictatorship of the Jacobins, the republic would have been destroyed."

Mr. Huxley takes exception. "A fine sentiment!" he says. Was not the iron dictatorship of the Jacobins the prime cause of the destruction of the republic and of the Napoleonic wars as well? The answer, which of course cannot be argued here, is decisively *no.* Had Mr. Huxley consulted Mathiez or any of the best recent authorities on the French revolution, he would not have allowed himself such simplicities. As he proceeds to consider the Soviet Union, the same wildcat scholarship is apparent. Slogans like "Russia is a dictatorship" and "Russia has the largest army in the world" are zealously embraced without specification or perspective. The great mistake of the Russian government, we learn, was to force through socialization to which the people were opposed. Since uncharitable means were used, the result must be bad, and Mr. Huxley does not think it necessary to refer to the statistics.

Mr. Huxley, however, is not opposed to instituting a planned society, but only to ramming it down people's throats before they are entirely prepared. "The advantages of socialism," he says, "can be obtained by making changes in the management of the large-scale units of production," leaving the small units untouched. "At the present time the management of large-scale production is in the hands of irresponsible individuals seeking profits." All we have to do, then, is to replace the selfish management by an unselfish management, but I think it is regrettable that Mr. Huxley does not tell us how soon the selfish managers will

A. Ajay

"A dime should be sufficient, dear. I don't recall his story among the Hundred Neediest Cases."

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be ready for the proposed change and whether they will acquiesce, as he requires, with the proper charity.

Mr. Huxley's discussion of war, education, metaphysics, and religion is unsystematic, eclectic, and not very novel. His solution of our educational problems is the recognition of types of men and grades of intelligence, though he does not dwell upon the undemocratic implications of such an emphasis. In ethics, he recommends chastity, which is, he thinks, "the necessary precondition to any kind of moral life superior to that of the animal." What we must do is to make "compulsory chastity tolerable" in order to "prolong the period during which a society produces energy." Such speculation speaks for itself. Nothing need be added. Compulsory chastity becomes tolerable if women, at least those of "the ruling classes of our societies," are made the equals of men.

For those who like a good style with plenty of non sequiturs, who enjoy a flashy surface understanding of history and do not take offense at theories which serve the interests of aggressive fascism, this book can be strongly recommended. V. J. McGILL.

Maker of Flivvers and Billions

THE FLIVVER KING, *by Upton Sinclair. United Automobile Workers of America. Also by the Author, Pasadena, Cal.* 25c.

FEW workers know much about the financial operation of the industries in hich they are employed, or about the men ho head the leading corporations. While a reat deal has been written concerning Henry ord, the books have for the most part been riced so high that they have remained out of ie reach of men who work on the line at ie River Rouge and other Ford plants. Jpton Sinclair has broken this barrier by ublishing *The Flivver King,* a life of Henry ord, selling at 25 cents a copy. The United Automobile Workers have wisely made the most of the opportunity by simultaneously publishing two hundred thousand copies.

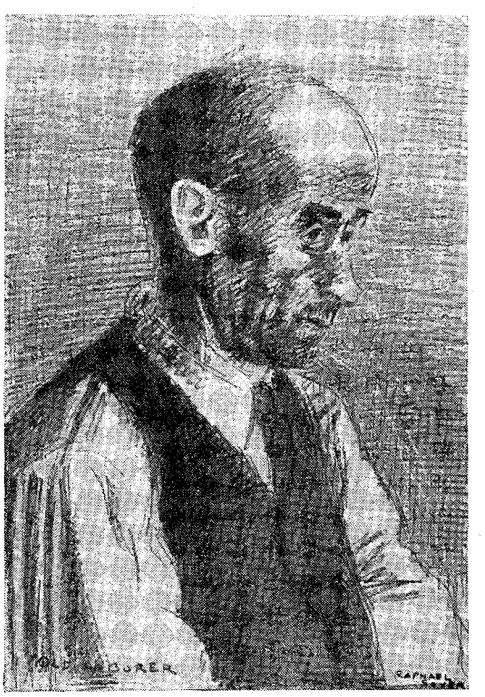
In *The Flivver King,* Upton Sinclair displays all his skill as a writer for the masses, all his experience as a veteran and adept pamphleteer. The biography is good reading, exciting, warm, swift moving. The story of Ford's rise—a fantastic adventure of the poor boy who made good—parallels the biography of one of Ford's first employees. Abner Shutt believes in Ford, believes in the non-existent "man of the people," the myth created by wenty-five years of clever press agentry and ramatic publicity. Abner Shutt takes a licking, as most Ford workers do, but he clings to his misconceptions. And Abner struggles through life to reach old age tired, sick, and unemployed (and with his son almost dead from a beating administered by Ford ugs). Henry Ford, who also started as a orker with a philosophy as simple and as baseless as Abner's, reaches old age tired and insane with power, and with a billion dollars.

Sinclair has no need to condemn Ford. The details of Ford's success and the logical development of his cold ruthlessness point their own sinister meaning. The evolution of a mechanic into an anti-New Deal capitalist, the stage of fake social reformism which gave Ford new means of increasing the speed-up in his plants, the shift from pacifist to Jew-baiter, the fanatical hatred of organized labor which has led him to finance vigilante killers and to employ an army of ex-convicts as his private police—all the stages of Ford's career fit together to make him the personification of individualism under capitalism. Ford becomes, and Sinclair portrays him as, the prototype of American fascism.

It is regrettable that Sinclair, so skillful as a narrator, has failed to round out his meticulous portrait of Ford with sufficient discussion of the economic, social, and political factors that account for the existence of such despots as Henry Ford. Unfortunately, too, the narrative breaks off before the United Auto Workers have gained their victories over General Motors, Chrysler, and other auto companies. These victories gave Ford workers not only the promise that unionization can force Ford to grant them better working conditions, higher wages, a lessening of the terrific speed-up, but also proved to them that the U.A.W. is an effective, and if properly utilized, invincible weapon.

The Flivver King, by providing workers with knowledge of what and whom they are fighting, has immense value. But it is only the first pamphlet in what should be a popularly and imaginatively written series. The rest of the story must now be presented as ably as Sinclair has told the story of Ford's life—the economic questions involved; the placing of the Ford offensive in relation to the present American scene and in relation to the rest of labor history; the description of the growth, difficulties, and achievements of the United Auto Workers; the methods and strategy of strike; the ruses and intimidation to which Ford, like all other monopolists, will resort.

Written in a manner that is entertaining, dramatic, and easily read by any worker, *The Flivver King* deserves to be sold as widely as possible throughout America. In addition, Upton Sinclair deserves the compliment of having his method studied, improved upon, rounded out, and used for the presentation in lucid form of the biographies of other industrialists, and for the presentation of problems that are now so vital to the American people. BRUCE MINTON.



Raphael Soyer

Old Laborer

Fletcher Writes His Baedeker

LIFE IS MY SONG, *by John Gould Fletcher. Farrar & Rhinehart.* $3.50.

WHEN the integrating elements which bind a culture together begin to loosen at the seams, the necessity for self-analysis becomes all the more immediate as a form of vicarious salvation. It is in this sense that the finest American autobiographies (*The Education of Henry Adams* and, more recently, Sheean's *Personal History* and Cowley's *Exile's Return*) have also been cultural history, a history which finds its focus in the individual who is at the same time an archetype of historical experience. With something of this in mind, no doubt, John Gould Fletcher has now written his autobiography—the life of a poet who has traveled widely, written profusely, and come into contact with more than his share of important literary and artistic personages. In considering Mr. Fletcher's latest volume, therefore, it is pertinent to ask whether he has succeeded in extracting the maximum amount of significance from the materials at hand; and to demonstrate his success or failure largely in terms of the social attitudes which are a measure of his perception.

Although John Gould Fletcher was born in Little Rock, Ark., the son of a plantation family which was prominent in state politics, he has spent most of his adult life in Europe. In 1908, years before the great expatriation, he had already felt that dreary provincialism of American life which had sent Henry James to Europe; and so, fortified by a few years at Harvard, Mr. Fletcher crossed the Atlantic, determined to live the "æsthetic life" which his cultured mother had taught him to love. He had only the vaguest notions, of course, about the implications of his defiant æstheticism, but he had read Nietzsche, definitely rejected Christianity, and he knew that above all else he wanted to write poetry. He went first to Rome—where the formalized austerity of Roman Catholic ritual almost made him an

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æsthetic convert—and then to London and Paris, where he met Ezra Pound, Amy Lowell, T. S. Eliot, H. D., and others who were subsequently to form the Imagist movement and participate in the pitched battles for *vers libre*. This is the pattern which Mr. Fletcher's life has since followed, with the exception of short—usually harried and unhappy—visits to the United States. In 1933, however, he finally abandoned Europe and returned to this country, convinced that his future as a writer lay among his own people.

To achieve a satisfactory perspective on a life of this sort, one must have a grasp of material conditions and a scheme of values which will unify the notations of sensibility into some coherent whole. This fundamental perception is absent from Mr. Fletcher's autobiography, with the result that a lifeless, chronological recital of events is substituted for what might have been an illuminating scrutiny of a world which is central to any discussion of American poetry. Mr. Fletcher unequivocally rejects the Marxist analysis, because "They [the Marxists] think of history . . . purely as a clash between bourgeois and proletariat, whereas in America there has never been but one class, the bourgeois or potential bourgeois."

It is precisely this perversion of historical logic, however, which lies at the basis of Mr. Fletcher's difficulties, for he is guilty of a gross misstatement of fact when he accuses the Marxists of interpreting American history "purely" as a *clash* between bourgeois and proletariat. What the Marxian approach actually deals with is the *gradual formation* of an industrial proletariat, which crystallized as an inevitable result of the centralization of heavy industry after the closing of the frontier. If Mr. Fletcher had been aware of the cultural ramifications implicit in this key insight—which one does not have to be a Marxist to accept—it would have synthesized much of his material and deepened his portrait of T. S. Eliot, for instance, who is described at great length but never adequately characterized.

Like the color symphonies of his poetry, Mr. Fletcher's autobiography seems to be dissociated from the world which gave it birth. His poems rarely touch more than the chromatic surface of experience; and in his autobiography, too, there is more description of events than dissection of their causes. As a disciple of Spengler, Mr. Fletcher frequently applies seasonal terms to various cultural manifestations, thinking to define them in this way; but he himself, in the course of the book, has a rather shamefaced reference to "Spengler's entirely mystical and probably thoroughly unscientific thesis of race-consciousness." Yet Spengler is the only guide he uses in his exploration of the modern world.

Finally, it is questionable whether his new affiliation with the Southern Agrarians will furnish Mr. Fletcher with the intellectual touchstone for which he has been seeking. The shift from a European to an American nostalgia may provide him with roots which had hitherto been severed; but he has already had

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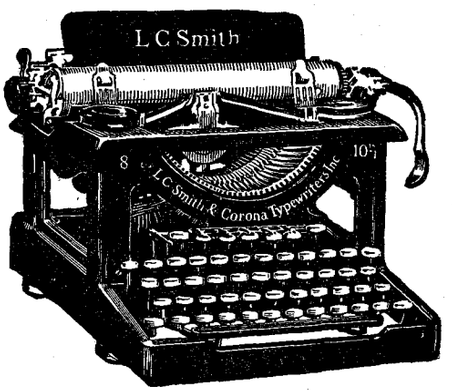

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some years in which to make an adjustment, and the evidence of integration is not in the present volume. For what he has written is essentially a guide-book—a Baedeker on the people and the places he has known. But nothing more. JOSEPH FRANK.

Toward an American People's Front

THE COMMUNIST, *December Issue. 50 East 13th Street, New York City.* 20c.

ONE of the outstanding articles in the current issue of the *Communist,* official monthly organ of the American Communist Party, is the report by Earl Browder on the development of the people's front in the United States. Originally delivered as a report to the enlarged meeting of the party's Political Bureau, Browder's analysis of the major forces at work in American society today serves two important purposes. It summarizes and evaluates the most significant events during the last half of American history; and, on the basis of this summary, it points to the measures which must now be taken in the process of *making* history. With the sharpening of social antagonisms throughout the world—on the one hand, the growing menace of fascism and its war policy; on the other, the growing strength of the Soviet Union as a world center for peace, and the growth of the people's-front movements against fascism—Browder's article is a most timely clarification of the problems with which the friends of peace and democracy are immediately confronted. Its appeal is by no means limited to Communists.

Reviewing the recent speeches of President Roosevelt, Browder defines the basic characteristics of the present period in America:

These pronouncements of Roosevelt, when taken together with the more concrete proposals of the C.I.O. legislative program developed in Atlantic City on October 11, provide a rounded-out people's front program of an advanced type. That does not mean to say we already have a people's front to realize that program. No, we have it only in a small, elementary, unstable form. But the program for such a front is here.

The primary task is the organizational crystallization of the movement to achieve this program. This will be realized by the establishment of a closely-knit political alliance between labor and the middle class. In further development of the people's front, Browder says that the most important instrument in most localities will be the strengthening of Labor's Non-Partisan League.

Unity of labor, unity of all progressive forces in the people's front, independent political organization, combined with the widest mobilization of the masses behind the legislative program of Roosevelt and the C.I.O.—these provide the means of the next great forward step.

Together with Browder's report, the other articles in the December *Communist* combine to make this a notable issue. In his "Review

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of the Month," a regular feature of great value, Alex Bittelman deals with the "sit-down strike" of monopoly capital and the problem of cementing a firm alliance between labor and the progressive forces supporting Roosevelt. V. J. Jerome's detailed critique of *Science and Society,* the Marxian quarterly, while discussing the weakness of some articles which failed to embody Marxist content, points to the real achievements of that magazine in becoming a center for Marxian scholarship. In "American Origins of the People's Front," William Z. Foster describes the American precursors of the popular front, such as the Bryan movement and the various farmer-labor parties, thus refuting the slander of the Lovestonites and the Trotskyites that the people's front is a policy alien to America. Hernan Laborde, the general secretary of the Mexican Communist Party, sounds a warning to the American people of elaborate plots of civil war on the part of Mexican fascists aided by reactionary interests in the United States. John Williamson analyzes the second annual convention of the United Rubber Workers of America, which he characterizes as the "most progressive, democratic, and united international convention of any C.I.O. union."

FRANCIS FRANKLIN.

Brief Reviews

HENRI MATISSE, *by Alexander Romm. Izogiz, Moscow. Bookniga.* $1.

This booklet is an average example of the type published in the Soviet Union in large quantities for wide distribution, to popularize art. And it is witness of the spirit of tolerance manifested toward gifted artists of all tendencies. The work of Matisse is the finest flower of bourgeois art. At the opposite end from the activizing art of the revolution, it is rather intended to serve as ". . . something like a comfortable armchair in which one can rest from physical fatigue," according to Matisse himself.

The pamphlet considers briefly the artist's biography, the evolution of his art, its social setting, and its value to the contemporary revolutionary artist.

L. L.

RECOGNITION OF ROBERT FROST, *edited by Richard Thornton. Henry Holt & Co.* $2.50.

Over fifty essays, reviews, and biographical articles have been put together to make this volume, which commemorates the twenty-fifth anniversary of the publication of *A Boy's Will.* The pieces that are printed are so unusually laudatory and, with the exception of the very early ones, uncritical, that they only call to mind the really trenchant studies that are not printed. The early ones recognize Frost as an accomplished writer of northern New England georgics, a man who finally brought American poetry to American magazines after a dismally derivative period. In that sense, one feels, they are quite right. But the later critics regard him as a great and changeless master, the same yesterday, today, and tomorrow. The fact is that the times have changed, Frost has changed, and any criticism that does not take this into account is not worthy of the name.

R. H. R.

THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING, *by Lin Yutang. Reynal & Hitchcock.* $3.

Advertised as "a personal guide to enjoyment," this latest book by the author of *My Country and My People* will be of little more use to the millions of Americans who aren't having a good time than were the inspirational products of Dale Carnegie,

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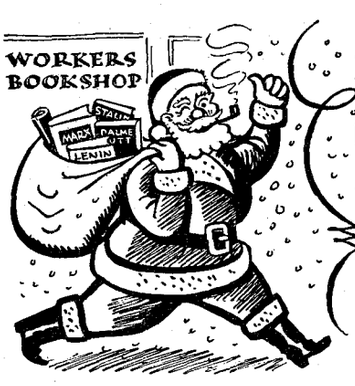

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M. M.

SO GREAT A MAN, *by David Pilgrim. Harper & Bros.* $3.

Imagine an emperor who alternates from the role of a little god to that of an intimate next-door neighbor, and you have the focal development of this romantic novel. Napoleon Bonaparte brings his Polish mistress, Marie Walewska, to Paris, not only to share his love, but also to drive a better diplomatic bargain with Alexander of Russia. During the Spanish invasion and the conference at Erfurt, the period chosen by the author, Napoleon's insatiable greed for power clashes with his bigoted sense of tolerance. The intrigues of Fouche and Talleyrand reveal that this notable defect was fairly evident at the time. Often the man of politics does not always blend with his other human qualities. Then the transition becomes an obvious shifting of perspective, stilting the even flow of the narrative.

The recent popularity of historical novels can be traced to the recognition that every fictional interpretation of the past reaffirms to some degree the social values of the present. David Pilgrim impairs the effect of his book by disregarding the fact that a military dictator is forced to conquer new lands, thus fostering an opposition which necessarily leads to his downfall. In this novel Napoleon embodies all the virtues of the French revolution.

Its racy style and capricious pageantry definitely stamp this romantic novel as a book of wide appeal, and if the author had allowed some critical appraisal to seep into his rather pompous material, *So Great a Man* would be an engaging addition to the already voluminous studies of Napoleon Bonaparte.

G. A.

★

Recently Recommended Books

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Labor Agitator, The Story of Albert Parsons, by Alan Calmer. International. 35c.

Is American Radio Democratic? by S. E. Frost, Jr. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

The Civil War in the United States, by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. International. $2.50.

C.I.O., Industrial Unionism in Action, by J. Raymond Walsh. Norton. $2.50.

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Volunteer in Spain, by John Sommerfield. Knopf. $1.50.

Counter-Attack in Spain, by Ramon Sender. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

From Spanish Trenches, edited by Marcel Acier. Modern Age. 35c.

When Labor Organizes, by Robert R. Brooks. Yale University Press. $3.

The Writer in a Changing World, edited by Henry Hart. Equinox. $2.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Foreign Films Take the Lead

"GREETINGS to you, youths of generations yet to come!" These are Pushkin's words, echoing down a hundred years to a new Soviet generation of eleven million readers of his works, printed in the "countless languages" that Pushkin prophesied would know his poetry.

In this year, the centenary of his death, the films are playing a great role in the Soviet-wide festival for Russia's greatest poet. Young Pushkin (*The Youth of a Poet*), produced by Lenfilm and shown at the Cameo Theatre, is the first of the celebration films to reach this country. *Young Pushkin,* made exclusively for young Soviet spectators, furnishes a living example of the vivifying attitude there toward art of the past.

Alexander Slonimski's story, on which the film is based, dramatizes the entrance of Pushkin, proudly bearing healthy romanticism and cleansing realism into a literary world stuffed with aristocratic pretense and false classicism. It was Pushkin who broke the slavish imitation of simpering contemporary French fashions in literature and introduced more vital currents from abroad—Voltaire, Byron, etc. The director, Naroditski, has selected an excellent cast of young actors from the Leningrad Film and Theater Institutes, and Sigayev and Dutko, the cameramen, have filmed the story of Pushkin's schooldays—1811-17—in the Imperial Lycée, amidst the well-preserved surroundings in which he enjoyed them. Litovski creates a young Pushkin of temper and passion and pride that does reverent justice to the great poet's memory.

The film's theme, Pushkin's declaration of freedom, progresses through a series of simple, colorful (but never florid) episodes. He became the spiritual leader of his classmates—at least of those classmates of independent progressive minds, ready to struggle against the actual serfdom around them, reflected in a serfdom of philosophy and thought in their studies. This early talent for leading and encouraging progress and revolt was to assist the Decembrist revolution in his later, more directly political period. *Young Pushkin* shows vividly his earlier individual revolt, spurning the stifling atmosphere and etiquette laws of court life ("those poor souls to luxury born") for the beauties and odors of the woods and fields.

One of the most moving episodes is that of Pushkin reciting his graduation poem to Derzhavin, his greatest predecessor in Russian poetry. The scene of the old and dying Derzhavin, awakened to a consciousness that Russia has a new poet in this youngster, is magnificently played by A. Mgebrov.

I'd like to draw your attention to the interesting newsreel prologue shown by the theater, of the Pushkin celebration all over the Union before we pass on to another film, similar in subject, but oh, how different in purpose and achievement.

Un Grand Amour de Beethoven (*Life and Loves of Beethoven*) at the 55th Street is exactly what it sounds like—and if you want to see how all of Beethoven's music was inspired by *son seul grand amour* you'll be charmed and affected by the film. You hear people coming out, saying, "Such a *French* film!" On its credit side is some healthy film-making in the manner of its director, Abel Gance, and a sincere portrait by Harry Baur, its Beethoven, but one grows tired of the uniform treatment and lighting given to all women who play in Gance films. (It is refreshing to recall how Jean Renoir brings out reality and character from these same women when they play in his films.) Criticism of the many cliché images of the film should be tempered by reminding oneself that Gance has as much right as anyone to these clichés because it was he who invented many of them almost twenty years ago. Despite the thought expended on a remarkable sequence of Beethoven's deafness, it is difficult to believe in a Beethoven film in which his actions and thoughts are motivated exclusively by unrequited love. I may be wrong, but I thought that great music springs from deeper sources.

EUGENE HILL.

Blitzstein Brings New Tunes to Music

THE Mercury treatment has had a miraculous effect on the musical as well as the theatrical scene, and it begins to look as if the Orson Welles group is going to show up the sterility of the Metropolitan and Philharmonic Symphony no less than that of the Broadway playhouses. When you're getting seats for *Julius Cæsar,* don't forget to make reservations for *The Cradle Will Rock* (Sunday evenings and alternate afternoons) and the Lehman Engel Singers (other Sunday afternoons). Then if you arrange to take in *Pins and Needles* at the Labor Stage, you can be sure of covering the liveliest, most entertaining, and in many respects the most significant musical activities of this and many seasons. These coming on top of *I've Got the Tune* should stimulate everyone concerned with American music and music in America to break into—*fortissimo*—one of Gershwin's last hits: "Things are looking up!"

Charles Martin

Mr. Engel has long done yeoman service with the Federal Music Project, and it's heartening to see him and his well-schooled group expanding their scope. They're gaining in assurance and flexibility, and their programs grow ever more catholic and far-ranging. That at the Mercury Theatre (November 30) was an ingenious group of "Music by Princes and Music by the People" (the people came off second best and I writhed again at the inclusion of some phony folk settings I remembered with distaste from the F. M. P. American program of last year), and the December 12 concert featured world premières of *Chants from the Greek Church* by Nabokoff and *Scenes from the Holy Infancy* by Virgil Thomson. How about a program of "Music of Freedom" on the order of that recently given in Paris by the Fédération Musicale Populaire?

But it is that man with the tune, Marc Blitzstein, who is really breaking new ground, who's bringing American music to grips with reality and proving that musical progressivism can be entertaining as well as abstractly admirable. *The Cradle Will Rock* as well as the radio work appeals to the intellect and humor rather than the emotions of its audiences. The emotional background is there, but it is implied rather than explicit. There can be no doubt as to the meaning ("message" if you will) of these works, but its hearers are given credit for the ability to sense it; subtlety and incisiveness take the place of soap-box technique. At the end of each (and more strongly with each hearing) you're left brimming over with an exhilaration that isn't evanescent. And even when you've stopped laughing, you haven't stopped thinking.

I was pretty slow in getting around to *The Cradle,* but like a good many others I was waiting for it to emerge from its cat-and-mouse existence. It has, but fortunately not as a conventional presentation and I was all wrong in thinking it should be heard with costumes, sets, and orchestra. In one way it's a shame that Blitzstein's full score has to be whittled down to a piano reduction, but on the whole the quasi-rehearsal performance is all to the good, naturally concentrating attention on the words and the essential dramatic action (as differentiated from mere stage business). There is no opportunity for interest in the

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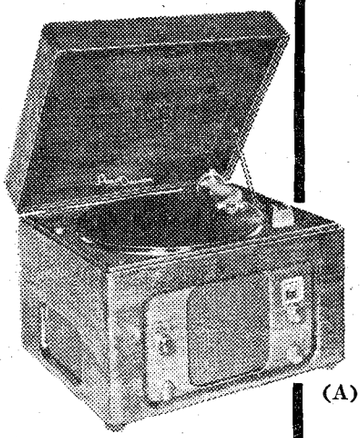

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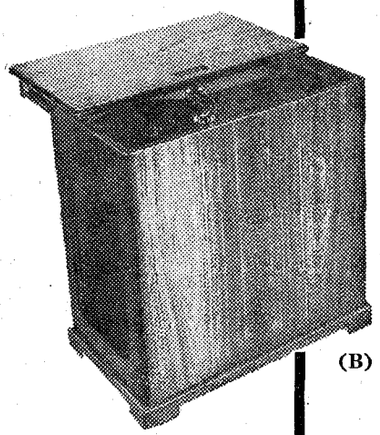

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music to divert one from receiving the full impact of the play itself. Yet when on leaving the theatre, tunes and accompaniment figures have a way of sticking in one's mind: another good reason for a second and third hearing of the whole work.

Naturally *The Cradle* isn't flawless (although up to the intermission it's just about as close to perfection as anyone could demand), but the only serious weakness seems to me to be in the part of Larry Foreman, who—at least in Howard da Silva's overplaying—emerges so prominently and heroically as to destroy the exquisite balance of the work. Hero he certainly is, but I see him more representative of a mass than as so emotional and voluble an individual. The conflict after all is not Mr. Mister and his mercenaries versus Larry Foreman, but the Misters versus the workers and their families for whom Larry is spokesman rather than personification. But apart from that (and the failure to make more use of the chorus or a mass of workers), the work is projected with simplicity, unaffectedness, and vivid realism. The atmosphere may be informal to begin with, but it is never sloppy, and when the climaxes are built up they are surcharged with an intensity that could never be achieved by the tricks of theatrical illusion. If not quite as taut and poised as *I've Got the Tune, The Cradle Will Rock* is as nakedly honest and pungent, packing the same dynamic, bull's-eye punches. This is a show that brings down the house every time it's played, yet the W. P. A. and orthodox Broadway producers would have none of it. Maybe from their point of view they're right, for it's dynamite. But like dynamite it can't be ignored.

And it isn't. The Mercury Theatre run promises to be indefinite, Random House has just announced that it will publish both text and music around mid-January; and Mr. Blitzstein is in the groove and just beginning to go to town. R. D. DARRELL.

Mussolini Speaks Through Paint

NEW YORK now has an exhibition of paintings from fascist Italy. They are being shown at the Comet Gallery, 10 East 52nd St., a new enterprise which is being sponsored by Countess Pecci-Blunt, who has a similar gallery at Rome, inaugurated four years ago by a member of the Royal House. Her purpose, we are told, is to stimulate the international market for the Italians she will bring over, and, in return, to send back representative collections of works by the younger and more promising Americans. It is all apparently very innocent.

But is it? Consider Severini, who is perhaps the best known of the older artists represented. Severini, a founder of futurism, then a member of the School of Paris, later a neo-Catholic (much praised by Jacques Maritain), is now an out-and-out fascist. His

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painting, the *Armored Train,* exhibited some weeks ago at the Museum of Modern Art, was a glorification of war. It was Mussolini speaking through paint. The painter's position is made even more unmistakable by last year's ominous manifesto from F. T. Marinetti, the spokesman of futurism and one of Mussolini's unofficial senators:

> We, futurist poets and artists, have recognized for twenty-five years, that war is the only world hygiene. War is beautiful because it creates new architectures, as the heavy tank. It creates the flying geometrics of the airplane, the spiral smoke of burning villages. War is beautiful because it completes the beauty of a flowery meadow with the passionate orchids of machine-gun fire.

Such is the doctrine of Severini's group today.

In the present show he has been less frank. Why? His still-lives, his dead pheasants, his sickly *Chimerical Orpheus* are designed *to win the spectator indirectly.* Fortunately, they are so tired, joyless, and tight that they will fail to do so; but the intention is there just the same. De Chirico—whose five canvases show even less conviction than usual—is employed to a similar purpose. As for Campigli, his innocuous figures and portraits—all designed to give Park Avenue the latest in Pompeiian frescoes—take on another meaning when we remember that he was one of the official decorators in the Italian Pavilion at the 1937 Paris Exposition.

Even more unhappily, Cagli, who is one of the youngest—he is only twenty-seven—appears to be even closer to the headquarters of the Skull in Rome. He furnished the cartoons for the great fountain in Terni (Rome), and he was chosen to do the decoration for the entrance hall of the Italian Pavilion in this summer's fair at Paris. You can be sure that he, like the rest, knows who is boss.

Considered on the basis of content alone, each of these canvases gives additional testimony of fascist manipulation. You will find no black flags, no celebrations of Ethiopian conquests, no five-year-olds marching in the streets. But you will detect a uniform suffocation and an ever-present trammeled quality as of men moaning in their chains. It is no accident that two of these works depict birds shut up in a cage, who cannot sing. Finally, most significant of all, not a single one is articulated in space, that essential element in which the painter makes known his thought upon life.

Fascism, therefore, is not only the direct persecutor of men, it is the subtle violator of their inmost selves. It is the strangler of all that is most creative in the human being. Why, then, should we tolerate these ambassadors of death?

Readers of the NEW MASSES do not need to be informed that there is a show by two hundred members of the American Artists' Congress, at 550 Fifth Avenue, but perhaps they should be reminded that, as the exhibition does not close until December 30, they still have a few more days in which to see it.

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Likewise, that the inaugural show of the Municipal Art Galleries in the new quarters at 3 E. 67th Street, will be on only until January 3. It contains work by numerous figures already familiar to these pages.

For over a year Angna Enters, the dance-mime, has been fighting remorselessly for the people of Spain. To these efforts—on the radio, in her own recitals, in benefits, in interviews—she now adds a series of brush-drawings entitled *Spain Says "Salud."* In them, as before, she stabs straight and true at the Franco regime. They may be seen, with sixty-two others, at the Newhouse Galleries, 5 E. 57th Street. JAY PETERSON.

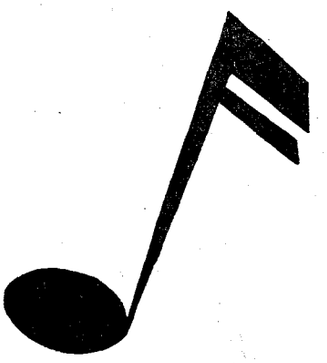
New Vistas Open for the Ballet

AT the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Lincoln Kirstein's Ballet Caravan presented three ballets: *Promenade, Yankee Clipper,* and *Show Piece,* the last two for the first time.

Now, for a long time, I have hammered away at the ballet for its decadence and for its reactionary nature, despite its frequent brilliance. More partisan, and therefore more fervent, perhaps, has been Lincoln Kirstein in his criticism of the state of ballet. He finds it too often "infantile, tiresome . . . uncreative . . . retardative." The ballet lacks "creative vitality, some basic interest." What it needs is a good infusion of contemporary and significant subject matter—"and music to fit."

Now let us see what he's done with his own Ballet Caravan. *Promenade* is a classic ballet, which scarcely suggests the American or contemporary. But the music of the composition is Ravel's *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales,* and the waltzes "suggest both the original ballroom dance when it shocked . . . London," the program note has it. What Lincoln Kirstein evidently intended, then, was to present the dance as a force for progress. The implication of the note, on further reading, is that there was definite relationship between the dance form—the waltz—and the political manifestation—the French revolution. Undoubtedly, the waltz, coming after the minuet, was the expression of revolutionary sentiment. The waltz does not mean to us what it meant in 1810. On the contrary; some thirty years ago, Isadora Duncan condemned it as bourgeois and sentimental. And only in the light of historical perspective do we recognize the waltz as a revolutionary form. The Ballet Caravan's *Promenade,* then, assumes the quality of a documentary composition and should be so judged. Its significance to us is historic rather than immediate.

Yankee Clipper is an attempt to capture the folk quality of different countries through the adventures of the sailor-gone-to-sea. Here, while there are some exceedingly good moments, the ballet gets lost in the esoteric and surface brilliance. The ballet is the tourist's conc[illegible] exotic lands and fails to reach



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fundamental issues. Japan, China, and Argentina are no less prettified than are the South Seas.

Show Piece, while principally a tour-de-force, to exhibit the virtuosity of the ballet troupe, was the most satisfactory composition of the evening. Technically the Ballet Caravan compares favorably with the much older and longer trained Ballet Russe; and there are some members of the troupe (Eugene Loring, Lew Christensen, Marie Jeanne, Jane Doering, Albia Kavan among others) who strike me as being as good as, if not better than anything the Ballet Russe has. They work with just piano and percussion accompaniment (quite a revolutionary change in itself). They have a simple, clean, and fresh approach to both movement and composition; a historical and social-conscious approach. Their dances are not cluttered with pretense and their movement is pretty well free of the perennial ballet tricks; they want to say something of some importance to their audience. That they have not as yet attained a medium as contemporary and as significant as Lincoln Kirstein would have it, is not surprising, but he is definitely directing a swiftly maturing company which should carry the ballet out of its bourgeois preoccupation into truly progressive molds. OWEN BURKE.

★

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(Times given are Eastern Standard, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

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Herbert H. Lehman. The governor of New York discusses the New York state unemployment insurance law, Mon., Dec. 27, 6 p.m., C.B.S.

Brazil. Dr. Walman Falcao, minister of labor, industry, and commerce of Brazil, talks from Rio de Janeiro, Thurs., Dec. 30, 6 p.m., C.B.S.

Football. The Auburn-Michigan football game broadcast from Miami, Sat., Jan. 1, 2 p.m., C.B.S.; Sugar Bowl football game—Louisiana State vs. Santa Clara, Sat., Jan. 1, 2 p.m., N.B.C. red; Rose Bowl game—University of Alabama vs. University of California, Sat., Jan. 1, 4:45 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

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